CHRISTIAN HERALD

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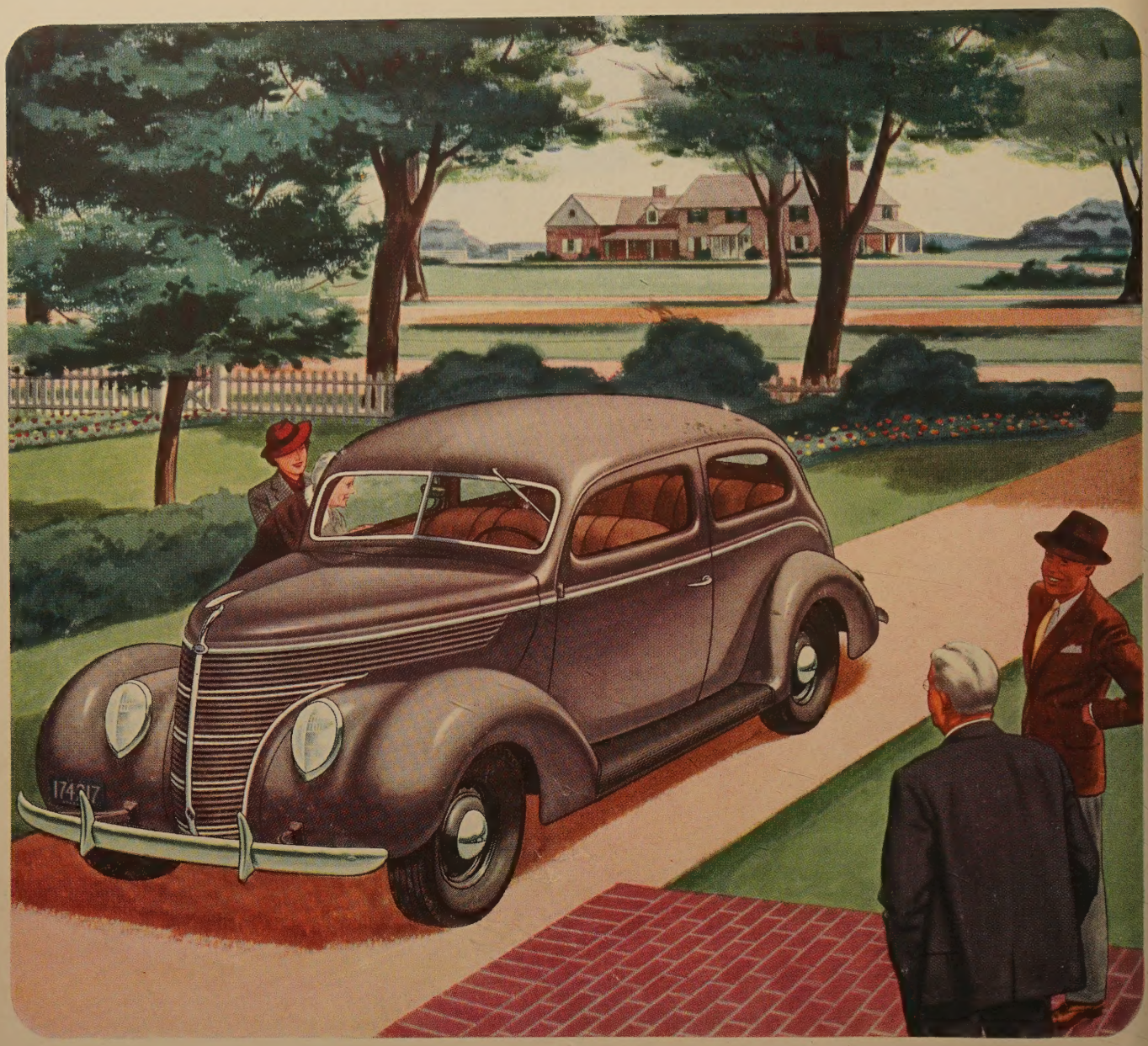
Easter · APRIL 1938



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You'll like the 1938 Standard Ford V-8. It's a better car in many ways than the 1937 Ford V-8 which was bought by more people than any other make.

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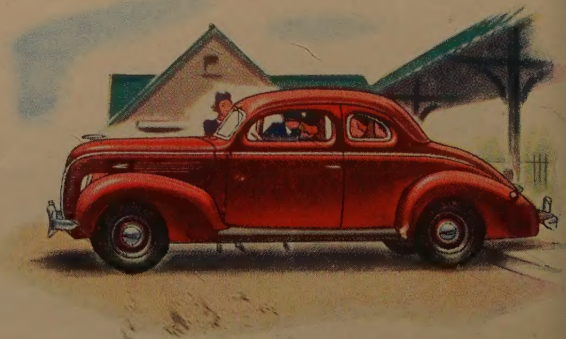

The De Luxe Ford V-8 is built on the same chassis as the Standard, with the same basic Ford features. It has richer appointments and a little more room in the sedans. Above is the Club Coupe, a popular model, which seats five people inside.

FORD V·8 FOR 1938

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The varied material in the Bible is presented *as* it was originally written. Where it is a prose legend or historical narrative, *it is printed as prose;* but where a book was written as verse, perhaps handed down as a chant like the poems of Homer, *it is printed as verse.* Where it was written as a drama, *it is printed as drama,* with lists of characters.

One Thing Left—To Read the Bible

Thirty-five years ago that great Biblical scholar, Professor Richard G. Moulton, said of the Scriptures: "We have done almost everything that is possible with these writings. We have overlaid them, clause by clause, with exhaustive commentaries . . . There is yet one thing left to do with the Bible; simply to read it."

This edition of the Bible is designed for that purpose. May you at last, as you have long wanted to, enjoy it!

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THERE is no reader of this magazine who would not find it in many ways to his advantage to subscribe to the service of the Book-of-the-Month Club; and we make this extraordinary offer in order to demonstrate that this is the case.

What we here propose is this: mail the inquiry coupon, *and a copy of this fine library volume will immediately be put aside in your name,* and held until we hear whether or not you care to join. In the meantime, a booklet will at once be sent to you outlining how the Club operates, and what it is doing for its subscribers.

Study this booklet at your leisure; you may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year; nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four); nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. You also participate in the Club's "book-dividends," of which over $2,500,000 worth were distributed among members last year alone.

If, after reading the booklet, you decide to join the Club, the free copy of THE BIBLE being reserved for you will at once be shipped to you.

Here is a very interesting fact; over 175,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now get most of their books through the Book-of-the-Month Club; and of these tens of thousands of people *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman;* every one of them joined upon his own initiative, upon the recommendation of friends who were members, or after simply reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways in which membership in the Club benefits you as a book-reader and book-buyer.

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Just Between OURSELVES

WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

Our Occasional Contributors

EVERY now and then we publish articles from writers whose names have not before appeared in *Christian Herald*.

Now we know that most of you like Dr. Sheldon, Frank Mead, Beatrice Plumb, Margaret Sangster, Honoré Morrow and others among our regulars; but we can't know whether the occasional contributors are popular or not unless you tell us. We do not expect that every article and every viewpoint expressed by the different authors will suit all our readers. It is our aim to bring to you the best thought on religious subjects and others in the most readable form, but we constantly realize that we are located in the East—that most of our personal contacts are in and around New York. What helps us most to counteract our own provincialism is the letters we get from readers in far distant places—some critical, some commendatory. So again we are going to ask you to write and tell us what you think. If you see an article by a new author, drop us a post card—tell us you like the article or you do not. Particularly are we anxious to hear from readers in the South, Canada and the West.

Futhermore, if there is any vital question you would like to have covered or any significant event about which you wish to get more complete information, let us know.

It isn't necessary to write long letters—a post card will serve the purpose. Only in this way can we get the composite picture of reader interest which will enable us to give you all a better rounded, more alert magazine.

Frank Mead

FRANK MEAD is in the Mediterranean with a party of *Christian Herald* readers who are cruising on the S. S. Saturnia. He writes: "Dear Boss: Trip is going great. Everything one hundred per cent. Finest group of folks I've ever met. Boring is giving his people three times as much for half the money." Of course, all of us who have braved winter's icy blasts, shoveled coal and ashes and plodded through slush to complete our daily chores, while Frank is basking in the Mediterranean sunshine and living off the fat of the land, must excuse his very natural enthusiasm; but we hope he gets a good rest because the editor is only human and will remember all these things next summer when the thermometer is ninety in the shade.

Indecent Literature

DURING the past year the obscenities and indecencies in magazines and books have grown to such proportions that Christian people should rise in protest. There has always been a market for such literature—the demand for it does not signify any degeneration in public morals—but the apathy of the public in allowing such matter to freely circulate is ominous.

Next month *Christian Herald* will contain an article telling how several communities have cleaned up the mess and rid their newsstands of filthy reading matter and obscene pictures. Be sure that you get the May issue containing this article. It will show you what you can do in your own community toward remedying these conditions which have become a national scandal.

A Communion Service

A COMMUNION service, consisting of three trays, two of which have thirty-six glasses, also a plate and pitcher, is available as a gift to some needy church. The service was first donated to a congregation that has since disbanded. The service is in excellent condition, practically new. It may be secured by payment of transportation charges. The first inquiry received will be honored. Address D. A. P., Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York.

Vol. 61 APRIL, 1938 No. 4

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Always Ask Your Family Doctor

Before You Give Children Unknown Preparations

"You can always reach me when in doubt about your child's medicine."
"I wouldn't think of giving Junior anything until you approved it, Doctor."

It's a mistake to experiment on yourself. But it's worse to "try out" an unknown medicine on children. Always consult your family doctor.

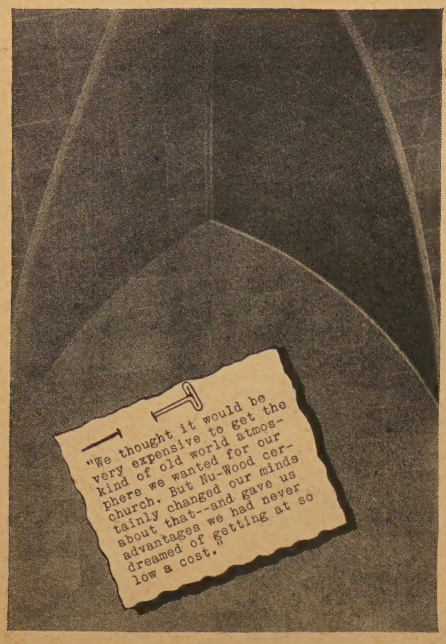
There is no such thing as a "bargain" in unknown remedies—no matter how little you pay.

That is true especially of "Milk of Magnesia"—so often given to children. The brand known to doctors and public alike for 50 years is "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia." That is the brand to ask for at the store—PHILLIPS'—because it is safe for children.

Children often like Phillips' in the newer form—the tiny, peppermint flavored tablets they chew like candy. Each one equals a teaspoonful of the liquid. A tin of 30 costs only 25¢.

What to remember is this: Make sure to say PHILLIPS' and get the original—at every drug store.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA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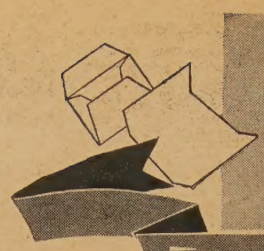

Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

IS RELIGION PRACTICAL?

In your opinion does religion play a practical part in a man's life? I mean, does it help a man to success, such as a lawyer, a doctor, or in any work?

MY ANSWER is "yes." The answer is not an opinion merely. The answer is "yes" because in the experience of men in all callings, religion has definitely and largely contributed to their success.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, brilliant scientist, superintendent and practically the owner of the largest sanitorium in the world, believes this. John Wanamaker believed it. Howard Heinz of Pittsburgh believes it, as did his father before him. Dr. Carl Jung, the great scientist, believes it. Yes, I believe it.

Perhaps even more important is another question that many of you gentlemen have a perfect right to ask. "If religion has not yet helped me in my calling or business, how may religion be made to help me?"

OUR FOREIGN POLICY

You spoke recently in commendation of the foreign policy of the present administration. In some of these particulars I agree with you, and in others I very decisively disagree. What particularly is your reason for speaking as you have?

I HAVE made clear, I think, my reasons for supporting the national administration in its present international program.

It is in the carefully considered words of Secretary of State Cordell Hull that I find added enthusiasm for my previously expressed position. "There is a broad and much more fundamental interest" (Mr. Hull has previously referred to our particular national interest), "which is, that orderly processes in international relationships be maintained. I refer expressly to the situation in the Far East. The United States is deeply interested in supporting by peaceful means influences contributory to preservation and encouragement of orderly processes. This interest far transcends in importance the value of American trade with China or American investments in China. It transcends even the question of safeguarding the immediate welfare of American citizens in China."

In these words, I believe, is the keynote of the foreign policy of the American government in the Far East. With this policy I am in one hundred per cent agreement.

THE PRESS AND THE LINDBERGHS

What is your opinion of the Lindbergh situation? Were they badly treated by the press? Would they be justified in becoming British citizens?

I DO think that the Lindberghs were badly treated by the press, to use the language of the question. This judgment would not apply to all newspapers, but it does apply to sensational journals that made the lives of the Lindbergh family miserable with the constant surveillance and snooping of reporters.

On one occasion, a car from the Lindbergh home was crowded to the curb while eager newspaper photographers took a picture of the second Lindbergh baby.

This splendid man and his beautiful wife have paid an appalling publicity price for both their fame and their suffering. Certainly, I hope that they never renounce their American citizenship. As to whether they would be justified in doing so or not, is not for me to say. Clearly, it is a matter for them to decide. Many factors enter into the case that only the Lindberghs can know.

Again, I express the hope that they remain as American citizens—always.

WE MUST SUPPORT FOREIGN MISSIONS

Do you not think that it is almost un-Christian to spend so much money in so-called foreign missions when we have such a distressful condition in the home church—when the need is so great here?

THE answer is "no." The first four books of the New Testament close with the high command of Jesus to carry the gospel into all the world. Failure is the lot of the church and indeed of the Christian who disregards that message and that call.

May I illustrate from our own Baptist fellowship? "In 1832 there were 3,000 anti-missionary and 3,000 missionary Baptists in one state. Fifty years later there were still 3,000 anti-missionary Baptists, while the missionary group had grown to 37,000. In North Carolina, Baptists di-

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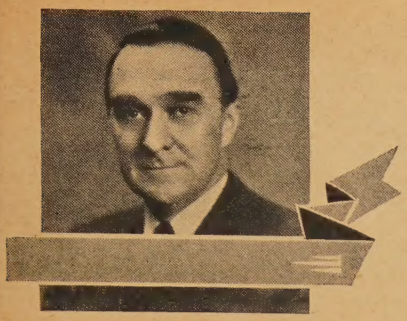

YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

vided in 1840 on missions. There were then 1,200 anti-missionary Baptists, and twice as many committed to missions. Fifty years later the anti-missionary group had not increased in number, while the missionary group had in their churches 300,000 members. Anti-mission churches finally die."

THE MEANING OF DREAMS

Do you think God ever tries to reach one through dreams?

I BELIEVE that God has spoken through dreams to many people, and that He may do so now. Unfortunately, in many dreams it has not been God, but the other fellow, reaching after us!

Yes, there may be some times when some dreams are the conveyors of comforting visitations, but certainly "dream books," "dream charts," and dream interpretations are seldom more than vain and futile, and generally fraudulent and cruel.

FASCISM AND COMMUNISM

Do you believe that extreme political theories are gaining in the world? I mean communism and fascism, and the like.

CERTAINLY they have gained and are gaining. Practically three-fourths of the world is under dictatorship of one kind or another. With the exception of the Scandinavian countries, Belgium, France and Switzerland, after one leaves the United States and Great Britain, all of Europe and practically all of Asia is under dictatorship. Now the blight has reached South America.

On the other hand, great democratic nations will at last, I believe, save the world for democracy. In Great Britain, the Dominion, and in America dictatorship, totalitarianism as a philosophy, has made practically no progress, shows practically no increase of strength in the last five years. Recent elections in England and Wales are examples in kind. While the labor party gained 130 and lost 96 seats, and the conservatives won 89 and lost 80, and the liberals gained 22 and lost 50, results that were anticipated, the British Fascist party, which has achieved great notoriety, failed to win a single seat, and the British communists received only scattered votes.

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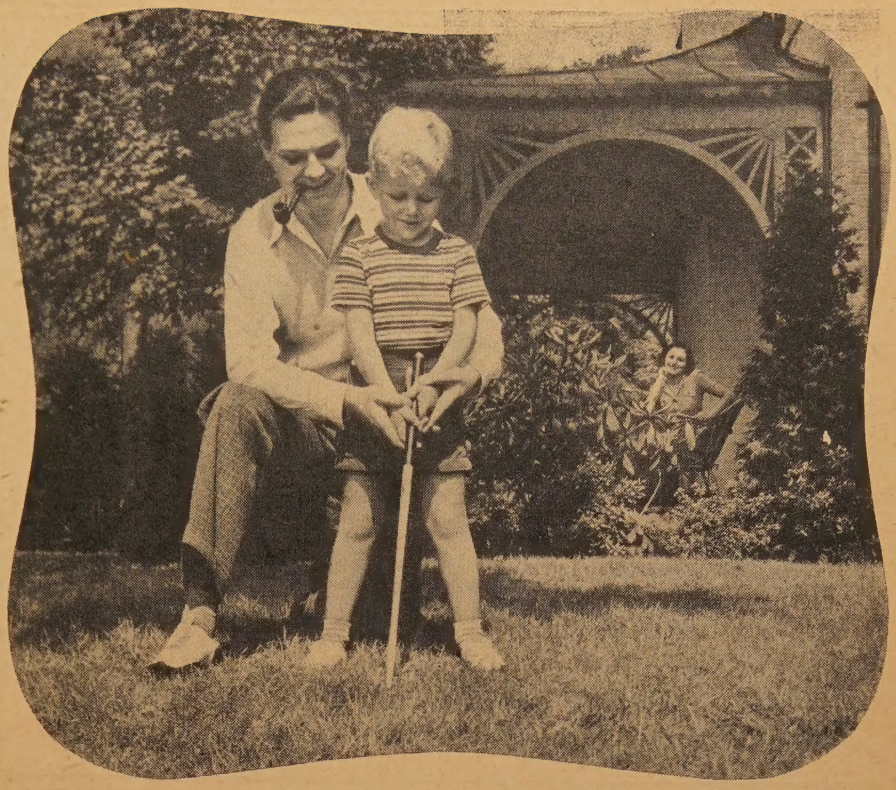

"My boy will have every advantage" —*but will he?*

COLLEGE?—this boy's dad has a college all picked out for him: "*Yes sir, my boy is going to have every advantage!*"

Ah, but *will* he? Only if his dad is *one father in a hundred.* Only if his dad has come to realize these two facts:

For every parent who will succeed in giving his child "every advantage," ninety-nine will fail. And for virtually every failure there will be one tragic reason—the neglect to provide *now* for the cost of a proper education *later.*

Can you say, right now: "I'll have the money to send my child to college *when the time comes?*"

You *can* say it. You can have your child's complete college expenses in hand on the day that he matriculates—by setting aside as little as 53 cents a day. An Investors Syndicate representative can show you *how.*

If you are blessed with even a modest earning power—and have ten or fifteen earning years before you—you can have the money for a lot of things you've dreamed of having.

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Misquoted Youth

A FORD SUNDAY NIGHT TALK

By W. J. Cameron

ONCE in awhile in the public press or some precocious college monthly we are given what purports to be the wail of the modern young man. Usually it runs something like this: "There's nothing ahead for young men today; no use trying for anything; things are stacked against us; our elders smashed the world and left us the wreckage; we are the lost generation."

Now, no young man feels that way unless he is sick. No young man talks that way until someone old enough to know better suggests it. It is not youth's attitude; tides of young life are too vibrant and strong.

"Ah, but," you say, "resolutions almost identical with that were adopted at a Conference of Youth." Yes—have you ever attended a youth conference of protest? If you have, you saw it managed either openly or behind the scenes by adults—*they* framed the defeatist resolutions. The spontaneous vocabulary of youth does not contain these hopeless terms. Young America is being misquoted.

But if you say that the qualities of resoluteness, self-reliance, perseverance are not so frequently named or talked of by the youth of this generation as they were by former generations—there may be something in that. Not that youth today is more feebly endowed with these ageless qualities; nature gives them to all the young alike, as it gives to fledglings the urge to fly, and to lambs the impulse to skip and play. But, except in sports, they are not named and emphasized by teachers nor in the books, as once they were.

This is not entirely regrettable either, for in the days of our youth these qualities were often tagged to the wrong objects. We were told in school that if we worked hard and were good we might be President some day, but we were not yearning to be President, and as we need only about twenty Presidents a century, there was a great waste of raw material. We were told that if we were industrious and reliable we might become millionaires, but who wanted to be a millionaire? Believe it or not, youth has a fine sanity in such matters. The stimulus aimed at us never hit us, because it was not aimed where we lived.

These baubles are no longer dangled as incentives to young men. No rich man is held up as an example nowadays simply because he is rich—riches as the by-product of extraordinary usefulness are another thing; public preferment through recognized public qualities is as it should be; but to offer fortune and favor as the major goals of life generates no moral motive power. All this is a tremendous gain in insight, but it leaves a gap in the old incentives. What shall we tell the young man today?

Tell him to remember in his complaint about the world that the world is only the people in it; the principal world he ever will know is himself, and that is the one point at which a better world for him can begin.

Tell him the only tool he has to work with is himself, and whatever tempers him to truer steel, whatever *compels* him to adjust his efforts to his obstacles, is the luckiest "break" he will ever have.

Tell him that all he will ever get out of living is life. There is pain in youth—"growing pains"—they will continue so for eighty or ninety years, if he keeps young enough to grow that long. The only ease he will find in life will come of inner mastery. Tell him the world is not his oyster but his training field. Life will support him with strength, it will provide him almost unbelievable comfort and satisfaction in certain relationships and in his proper work, but these, pleasant as they are, are also the edge of the sculptor's chisel carving his character—prime product of the whole enterprise.

Tell him he was fortunately cast by birth into a land where everything he has in him can come full circle. Tell him he lives among a people where men grow big doing big things, or doing lesser service in a big way—a country that has only six per cent of the world's population and seventy-one per cent of the world's automobiles; six per cent of the world's population and fifty-two per cent of the world's telephones; six per cent of the world's population and forty-four per cent of the world's radios; six per cent of the world's population and thirty per cent of the world's railroads; six per cent of the world's population and double the life insurance of the rest of the world. More children in the schools, more homes owned by families, more college opportunities than anywhere else. This is part of the so-called "wreckage" the elder generation is leaving him. Tell him that this is a country where men with no capital but their hands, their overalls, and an IDEA, and an urge to serve their generation have always had a wide field, and never so wide as now.

He will understand that language. The whine of the defeatist henceforth will disgust him. Squaring his shoulders and lifting his chin, he will cast his lot where American youth has always cast it, on the side of those who give before they take, the creators and builders—the contributors of energy, talent and service—whose reward is not something they take out of America, but sharing the life they feed by what they put in.

Idle Hands

All day she sits and gently rocks
And nods and dreams, without a care,
And sometimes sings with quavering voice
A quaint, old air.

Her hands lie idle in her lap—
Blue-veined, frail hands that once were young
And busied with fine seams to sew
The while she sung.

Hands that have soothed a fevered child;
Caressed care from a loved one's brow;
Hands used to countless, homely tasks
Are idle now.

She dreams of other days and years
To serve once more—to have one ask
Some simple service—give her hands
Some humble task.

All day she sits and gently rocks;
Her hands lie idle in her lap.
O to be needed! Not just left
To rock and nap.

Ella Colter Johnston

NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

He is Risen

IT IS now almost two thousand years since Christ arose from the grave. What progress has the world made, in those two thousand years, toward establishing those ideals for which He died?

At first glance we are likely to survey that question with pessimism. We have fallen very far short of achieving the purposes for which Christ gave His life.

He died that all men should love their neighbors, and live amicably together. But in the news of today we can discern very little of neighbor-loving, after two thousand years of His teachings.

Christ died that there might be peace on earth —yet today there is no peace anywhere.

Christ died that men might be saved, and establish his Kingdom of Love. But the world seems to be giving far more attention to armaments than to salvation, and earth's rulers devote time and effort—and blood—to self-aggrandizement, with no concern for the Kingdom. The outlook discourages.

But we may be sure that God is not discouraged. He sees all as a continuing process. He not only beholds, in review, the real although imperceptibly gradual progress that has been made, but He perceives, far ahead, the millennial star which will betoken the new heaven and the new earth. Looking backward, He sees the disappearance of human slavery, the lifting of the burden from the backs of little children, the emancipation of one-half the human race—the women—and their recognition as human beings; the gradual elimination of ignorance, and the thousand other ways in which mankind has progressed toward the ideals of the Risen Christ. And He sees, far more clearly than we can, the greater progress which the world is to make in the ages to come.

For His is no five-year plan, no single-generation plan, no single-era plan. His is a plan for all eternity; and I doubt not that He discerns our world moving—albeit ever so slowly—onward and upward toward the realization of those great ends for which Christ endured the Cross and the Tomb.

Be it remembered, Christ did not merely arise from the grave, then go away and leave the world to shift for itself. He is here, today and every day. Hitler may crucify Him in Germany, Mussolini in Ethiopia, Japan in Shanghai; but Christ, arisen anew, comes to every bloody battlefield, knocks at every bereaved door, speaks to every human heart—even the hardened hearts of generals and dictators—and announces, once more, His immortal Plan . . . "I am the Way and the Life. . . ."

No, Christ has not failed. His truth has made a different and better world, in these two thousand years. His truth will continue to remake the world, throughout the infinite ages to come. He will continue to arise, to meet discouraged men on every Emmaus road, whenever He is needed, and as long. He will be forever rising again, until the Plan, at long last, is complete.

AT HOME

WASHINGTON

CONGRESS MAKES HASTE SLOWLY—After five months of "compound stationary motion," Congress has at last passed two of the President's main measures—the Housing Act, and the Farm Bill. The first met with little serious opposition; the latter with a good deal. As passed the farm bill is expected to attain most of the objectives of the old AAA, together with Soil Conservation and other features.

Congress has also "on the fire" other important measures, chief among them the Big Navy Bill, and the Tax Bill, with provision for revision or repeal of the unpopular capital gains tax and the undistributed profits tax. The great majority seem to favor modification of those two taxes. It is not these which are holding up the Committee, but the difficulty of finding other sources of revenue to replace them.

The Committee has reported out the bill, and as we go to press its passage by the House seems near.

JAPAN REFUSES—BIG NAVY GAINS—The United States, England and France simultaneously requested Japan to inform them whether she was building, or intended to build, naval vessels of a tonnage far in excess of the limitations imposed by the International Agreement. Japan replied that she was not disposed to give such information. That refusal greatly increased the chances of passage for the President's newest Big Navy Bill, calling for nearly a billion dollars worth of new ships. Despite strong opposition, the bill seems likely to pass, and chances of its passage have been greatly enhanced by the recent startling events in Europe.

Japan hinted that, if she were asked, she might give the desired information unofficially. The State Department countered with the statement that they had several times requested the facts in just that way, but were refused.

Meanwhile Admiral Hepburn, of the U. S. Navy, cast a small bombshell by declaring that the whole world already has double the armaments, including warships, that it needs.

GOVERNMENT BY FILIBUSTER—For so many weeks that we have forgotten to count, the opponents of the Anti-Lynching bill have been slowly talking it to death. Day after day the prosy, irrelevant speeches have gone on, while the nation's business has been pawing and champing at the bit. Twice the bill's proponents have tried to shut off the discussion by applying cloture—and twice they

Courtesy Judy Publishers, Inc.

These beautiful huskies, after winning a well-deserved first prize in a New York City dog show, were taken up into Connecticut by their master, together with others of the dog team, where, true to the reputation of their breed, they carried food and supplies to storm-isolated villages in the Saugatuck Valley

have failed. "What are you going to do about it," the filibusters jeeringly inquire. (What they) did about it was to withdraw the bill and postpone action indefinitely.

ORIENT BUYS ARMS—China and Japan, it is disclosed, have been buying arms and ammunition from this country in about equal quantities. During December exports to China totaled $290,-632.27 in value, while those to Japan were listed as amounting to $250,282.63. Japan bought chiefly bombing airplanes and their equipment; China bought mainly machine guns, grenades and bombs. (Was the Panay sunk with bombs made in the United States?

NEW MERCHANT SHIPS—While Congress struggles with the difficulties which surround our merchant marine, Mr. Kennedy retiring chairman of the Maritime Commission announced that the American Export Line, of New York, has signed a contract for the construction of ten new cargo ships in the next five years. The Export Line, which operates between North America and Mediterranean ports, will receive the subsidy provided by law. Mr. Kennedy also announced that his Commission has signed subsidy contracts with eight steamship companies to build thirty new vessels by 1942, and to develop plans for building twenty-three more. The Commission's construction program now totals eighty-seven vessels, to cost about $200,000,000.

U. S. TO BROADCAST TO S. A.—To offset increasing Fascist and Japanese propaganda in South America—none of which, we can be sure, is unduly favorable to this country—negotiations are now in progress between certain private and civic interests in the United States, to inaugurate a series of broadcasts to countries of the Southern continent intended to promote good will and better understanding between those countries and this. The programs will be largely of a cultural and educational character. It is understood that the enterprise will be financed independently of strictly commercial interests.

Meanwhile, the visit of the six United States bombing planes, "flying fortresses," to Buenos Aires, to attend the inauguration of President Ortiz, of Argentina, seems to have done more to promote good will with that country than anything that has ever happened except the visit of President Roosevelt last year. South American papers comment with marked approval upon the fact that the planes carried no guns and no cameras on this friendly visit.

Now is an especially favorable time to cultivate South American friendship, and such incidents as this visit help to promote that friendship.

NOT LAZY—JUST TOO OLD?—That the men on the W.P.A. are competent workers, but too old, on the average, to obtain employment in private industry, is the conclusion reached in a report issued by Corrington Gill, Assistant WPA Administrator. Ninety per cent of them are not "shovel leaners," but competent to hold jobs in industry from the standpoint of both the quality and the quantity of the work they do. Many of them however, will never return to industry, because they are barred by arbitrary age limits.

The age of the relief workers averages from 47.7 to 51.4 years.

DRUG BILL APPROVED—Both the Senate and the House have passed versions of the Federal Trade Act, intended to protect the public against false and misleading advertising, and making it a criminal offense to advertise, falsely, goods, drugs, devices and cosmetics which are injurious to the health. No newspaper or magazine is liable to punishment under the act, unless it refuses to disclose the name of the organization which placed the advertising. This proviso removes one of the chief objections to the bill.

It has now gone to conference.

EAST

NEW YORK—The State Legislature has again defeated the ratification of the Child Labor Amendment, by a vote of 107 to 40. This vote runs counter to the fact that all polls show a large majority of the citizens of the state strongly favoring the amendment, and that both Governor Lehman and President Roosevelt urged its adoption. Predictions have been made in some quarters that the result will react strongly to the advantage of the American Labor party in the elections next fall.

BIBLES TO WEST POINT—The American Tract Society has received a bequest of $12,000 by the will of "a daughter," the income to be used each year, for purchasing Bibles for the "plebes" at West Point Military Academy. The will direct that the Bibles carry the following inscription:

"To the Glory of God, and that men may know and love Christ, this book is given through the American Tract Society, by a daughter, in memory of her father and mother."

G. O. P. GETS ADVICE—Speaking at the Lincoln Day Dinner in New York City, before an audience of 500 members of the National Republican Club, Gov. Aiken of Vermont severely criticized the present leadership of the party, asserting that Lincoln would have been ashamed of it. He pointed out that of the 217 members of the Committee which was to propose new policies for the party, 65 were bankers, brokers, and big business representatives; 53 were lawyers, the two groups comprising almost half the Committee. The millions of voters classed as Labor had just four members, and the farmers, comprising 40 per cent of our population, had only 21—and the Governor doubted if they were real "dirt farmers."

Up in Boston, the same evening, Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, himself often mentioned as the party's next candidate for President, called upon Republicans and Conservative Democrats opposed to the New Deal to unite, next fall, and form a coalition to defeat New Deal Democrats. Any considerable success next fall, Mr. Vandenberg holds, would greatly improve the party's position in 1940.

But Democratic Chairman Farley dismissed that proposal with the jeering remark, that "that would be a coalition that wouldn't coalesce."

It is a fact that coalitions have usually failed to "coalesce" in the past, for example the recent attempt in the Senate to unite Conservatives.

PITTSBURGH—The Carnegie-Illinois Steel Co., has arranged with a contracting company for the erection of pre-fabricated, all-steel houses, to be sold or leased to its workmen at a price within their reach, thus making a beginning of what many predict will be the next step in supplying low cost houses. And down at Berwyn, Maryland, the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co., with the government's approval, has just opened a unit of steel farm buildings, to sell for $2,000—house, 20 by 40, barn and three outbuildings.

SOUTH

MEMPHIS—Dean Israel Harding Noe, the "starving Dean," has left the hospital in this city where he was taken January 23, after a twenty-two day fast. He weighed 140 pounds, compared with his weight of less than a hundred pounds when he entered the hospital. He announced that he would go to Johns Hopkins Clinic, in Baltimore, to regain his health.

NASHVILLE—For the first time in the history of Nashville, the ministers of the city have come out strongly for one of the candidates for Mayor. The issue is the same as that arising all over the country—the fight of decent citizens against graft and vice. Specifically, the clergymen are aroused by the "tie-up" between the local political machine and the operators of the "numbers racket" which daily mulcts several thousand dollars from the lowest-income workers, especially Negroes. Nowhere else in the United States, it is said, has this vice become so widespread as among the Negroes of Nashville. Says Dr. Costen J. Harrell, Pastor of the West End Methodist Church, the largest in the city, "We are determined to oust the men responsible for this condition, and for that reason we give our endorsement to the candidacy of Mr. Jack Keefe, a leading layman and an active church member."

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA—The Duke University School of Religion has inaugurated a course on marriage and the family, for members of its graduate school and students specializing in Sociology. The course will be conducted by Dr. Ernest R. Groves, a noted specialist in that field.

MIDDLE WEST

LANSING, MICHIGAN—Clergymen of this city have joined forces to oppose the "Silver Shirt" movement, whose organizers are at work in the city. This is a Nazi group, with "the destructive and derisive purpose" of oppressing and harassing one group of our population" (the Jews.) The clergymen recommend to all citizens a straight policy of condemnation and repudiation. The United Automobile Workers also assailed the Silver Shirts, and called for all progressive citizens of Lansing to join in condemning the movement.

KANSAS CITY—Confronted with a condition in Kansas City similar to that in New York under Tammany, a Fusion movement, similar to that so signally successful in New York City, has been organized here to fight the Pendergast machine, which has so long dominated the politics, not only of Kansas City, but to some extent of all Missouri. The Good Government forces were much cheered when the U. S. Senate, on February 15, confirmed the President's reappointment of Maurice M. Milligan, the militant U. S. Attorney for the Kansas City district, who has convicted fifty election officials on vote fraud charges. The Pendergast candidate for Mayor in the March primaries is the present Mayor, Bryce B. Smith. The coalition candidate who will oppose him is Colonel Fred E. Whitten, whose avowed purpose if the coalition candidate succeeds, is to "return the government of Kansas City to a Mayor and Council selected by the people."

The only Senator to vote against Mr. Milliken's confirmation was the Pendergast-endorsed Senator Truman.

FAR WEST

SAN FRANCISCO—As in so many other American cities at the present moment, the California Church Council, aroused by vice and graft scandals, has formed a League of Decency to enlist the churches in a fight on vice and crime. Says Dr. Paul H. Bucholz, executive secretary, "Vice forces are becoming more and more rampant, and are undermining the work of the character-building institutions. Juvenile delinquency has gone up in the past year from ten to fifteen per cent over the entire state. We are becoming more and more lax in our laws controlling liquor and gambling. The home, the school, and the Church must combine their efforts to give our young people the environment they must have if they are to become useful men and women."

Courtesy National Child Labor Committee

This little fellow, although he is only ten, has to put in nine or ten hours a day of back-breaking work, gathering turpentine gum from "chipped" pine trees

Meanwhile, to turn to a different subject, the work of building the great 1939 Exposition, on "Treasure Island" in San Francisco Bay, goes forward with speed. Another interesting feature, just announced, will be the "Palestine Garden." This will consist of more than a hundred varieties of trees, shrubs and plants mentioned in the Bible, or indigenous to the Holy Land, which now grow in California. They will form a luxurious garden around the Hall of Religion at the Golden Gate Exposition.

SEATTLE—In this Puget Sound city, also, the Council of Churches has begun to take an active interest in the matters which have caused so much strife and dissension for many months, particularly labor troubles. The Council has announced the forming of a fact-finding commission, headed by Rev. Alexander Winston, Chairman, to investigate strikes, election issues, vice, and other matters which affect the people of the city. It is not the purpose of the Commission to defend any point of view, or to take sides with any faction; the purpose is to find out the true facts, then to take whatever action seems necessary.

Because of Japan's undeclared war on China, the local movement to boycott Japanese goods will be the first matter to be considered. A full report of its findings on this, and other controversial matters, will be made by the Commission after its investigations are finished.

Indicating the aroused feeling of the city, both Labor candidates for Mayor were badly defeated in the recent primaries by young Mr. Langlie, non-partisan Economy and Good Government candidate.

OUR NEIGHBORS

CANADIAN RADIO UNDER ATTACK—The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is under fire, because, it is charged, it is subsidizing United States advertisers with Canadian taxpayers' money. This criticism followed the announcement by W. Gladstone Murray, the general manager who was brought over from the British Broadcasting Corporation, that new contracts had been signed with United States companies bringing their commercial programs to a larger portion of the Canadian chain. The critics claim that one of the chief purposes of the national system was to provide entertainment and instruction which should be Canadian in its nature, and that purpose is being defeated by the introduction of United States programs. The manager explains that the new move is forced by the need for more revenue which the Corporation needs, if it is to build up a modern, progressive broadcasting system. There is at present a search in progress for Canadian radio talent in all parts of the Dominion. In the meantime, Canada's entertainment center remains in New York, and the Corporation's listeners must wait for the time when the Canadian programs will fill the log book for the radio day.

DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE OF ALL AMERICAS?—From Buenos Aires comes the assertion that a proposal has been made for an inter-American military and naval alliance to insure this continent against aggression from any foreign power. It is asserted that the Latin-Americans, in view of recent events, are no longer so sure of their immunity from attack as they formerly were. The idea of being "protected" by the United States is as abhorrent to them as ever, but a realistic view of the situation has prompted them, it is said, to approach our State Department with the suggestion that Washington take the initiative in a joint movement to put teeth into the Buenos Aires treaties of last year, which would, in effect, set up a federation of American nations. The proposal seems to meet the approval from the countries of South America. Nothing has as yet developed

to suggest what the attitude of the United States, particularly of Congress, is to such a proposal. However, after the Nazi coup in Austria, and other threatening events in Europe, some commendations of such an alliance have been voiced by Congressmen; and even President Roosevelt hinted at such a possibility in his telegram of congratulations to the new President of Argentina.

ABROAD

"AUSTRIAKUO"—The situation in Central Europe, which has so long resembled a kaleidoscope in its rapid changes, has swiftly shifted again; and this time the pieces are settling into the form of the Nazi Swastika, and the face in the center of the picture is that of the German Chancellor. With startling suddenness, last month, Der Fuerer's troops appeared on the Austrian frontier, and an ultimatum was delivered, to which feeble little Austria perforce agreed. In consequence, seven Nazis were made members of the Austrian cabinet, including the all-powerful Minister of the Interior, who controls the police. General amnesty was granted to political prisoners, including those Nazis who were sentenced for advocating this very thing. It is freely predicted that a customs union and a close alliance between Germany and Austria will at once result.

Germany assures the world that the independence of Austria will not be interfered with. Italy has approved the new set-up, and France, like Tar Baby, seems to be laying low. Indeed, that familiar "source which has hitherto always proved authentic" has hinted that there has been a secret understanding among the four major countries, Germany, England, France and Italy; Germany to have a free hand in Austria, and to be given back some of her colonies; Italy to get recognition of her conquest of Ethiopia, England and France to be assured of the withdrawal of Nazi and Fascist troops from Spain, the result removing, for some time at least, the threat of a European war.

America, though sympathetic, as usual, with the under dog, will keep out of the squabble. And if war is averted, that is, after all, the only thing which directly concerns us.

ENGLAND—A large part of the British people heard with consternation of the sudden resignation of Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary. He was unable to agree, he declared, with Prime Minister Chamberlain's newly announced policy of joint agreements with the dictatorships of Central Europe. Mr. Chamberlain explained, however, that he believed it better to cooperate with those nations to preserve Peace, than to fight them as he inevitably would otherwise. Considerable additional opposition was aroused in Parliament when the Prime Minister appointed Lord Halifax to succeed Mr. Eden. For many years that position has been held by a Commoner. The complaint that it was important that the Foreign Secretary be a member of the lower house, so that members could interrogate him on the Government's policies, seems to have some validity.

At any rate, war has been averted, at least for the present, and England can endure some temporary loss of prestige better than she could endure war.

RUMANIA—Most Americans visualize Rumania in terms of Graustark and the Prisoner of Zenda—a Balkan monarchy, full of color and romance and interesting intrigue. The intrigue is there, right enough, but more sinister and threatening than we have realized, and poetry and romance are definitely out. King Carol seems to have decided to imitate the Fascist rulers of Central Europe. He began by appointing the ruthless Goga as his Premier. Goga persecuted the Jews, and otherwise antagonised so many people that he was forced out. Then Carol appointed as Premier Dr. Miron Cristea, the aged Patriarch of the Orthodox Church. It is expected that the new government will have a much better chance of handling the difficult internal situation than Goga had. It has a far wider support than the late government, although it has excluded the Fascist on the one hand, and the radical Peasant Party on the other. Jews are apprehensive however, lest their lot at the hands of Cristea may not be worse than ever, for he is strongly anti-Semitic. King Carol has declared himself Dictator, has abolished the old Constitution, substituted a Fascist one, and established yet another Fascist dictatorship.

Publishers' Photo Service

Built in 1858, the famous old Brick Presbyterian Church, on Fifth Avenue, New York, has at last succumbed to the march of commerce, and is being demolished to make way for a business structure. When the church moved from Beekman street, downtown, it was far out on the edge of the city. Now it is completely surrounded by skyscrapers and huge stores. The congregation will remove to a building far up on Park Avenue

SEESAW IN SPAIN—As usual, it is difficult to learn just what is happening in Spain. Some color is lent to the rumor that the four great powers have come to a secret agreement, leaving Spain to fight her own battles, by the recent successes of the Loyalist troops, just when Franco seemed on the point of winning. The Loyalists have not only regained some lost territory, but have actually begun to attack, boldly, certain Insurgent strongholds, notably Granada. The insurgents retaliated by recapturing Teruel, which the Loyalists had so lately taken. The Loyalists then struck back in the East—and so it goes.

It is predicted that neither side can win decisively, and there are rumors that Spain will be divided, Loyalists and Insurgents each being allotted the territory they now hold. Franco, however, has declared that in the spring he will launch a new attack, using a million troops. "You haven't got a million troops," jeer the Loyalists, "and can't get them." But perhaps he can, by using Moors, who make good soldiers and are available in practically unlimited numbers.

For the moment the seesaw is teetering toward the Loyalist. It may teeter the other way before long—nobody knows.

CHINA FIGHTS ON—The Japanese seem to push constantly ahead in North China, yet get nowhere in particular. This is because of the guerrilla warfare, Chiang Kai-shek's adopted method of fighting since he took complete charge of his armies. The Japanese objective is to get possession, unhampered, of the Peiping-Hankow railroad, and also of the highly important East-West railroad, where it crosses the Hankow line. This, despite advances, and many so-called victories, they have so far proved unable to do. Chiang has several hundred thousand trained troops directly opposing the enemy, and many more using guerrilla tactics. He has also, in training, half a million more, being perfected in the art of harassing the enemy, and inflicting all possible losses, while keeping themselves out of the way of harm. It appears that he is having considerable success. Japan has called for half a million additional troops for the China front, to support her constantly lengthening line. Chinese airplanes bombed cities of the Island of Formosa, and also inflicted serious damage on Japanese forces near the Yellow River. This caused the Japanese war statesmen to introduce a yet more drastic—and expensive—army bill into Parliament. As we go to press that bill has aroused intense and noisy opposition, and it is hard to predict the outcome.

Chiang, and Dr. H. H. Kung, his successor as President, assert that China can continue to fight for years.

SAVES FLEEING CHINESE—Father Jacquinot, a French missionary in China, has saved 115,000 lives in war torn Shanghai. When the warfare grew hot around Shanghai, he appealed to the Japanese generals to allow him to establish a sanctuary in the Nantao district, to feed, shelter and protect Chinese refugees. At first the generals were skeptical, but in the end Father Jacquinot obtained their consent. He set up his asylum in Nantao, adjoining the International Settlement. Streams of women, children and old men came to the refuge. W. H. Plant, representative of an American steel company, has assisted the aged priest. Even General Matsui and Admiral Hasegawa contributed 10,000 yen each to his support.

TEMPERANCE

NOT SO GOOD—After twenty-two years of prohibition in Georgia, the legislature this winter passed a bill legalizing liquor sales in any county which holds a referendum and votes wet. Under the provisions of the bill, a petition by eighty-five per cent of the voters of a county will force a repeal referendum in that county. If a wet majority is polled, package liquor sales, and the manufacture of alcoholic beverages will be permitted in that county. No on-the-premises drinking will be allowed.

Forty-five of Georgia's 159 counties voted wet in the referendum held in 1937.

THIS IS BETTER—Dry sentiment in the United States is gradually gaining, if the poll conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion is to be relied upon. In reply to the question, "If the question of national prohibition should come up again, would you vote to make the country dry?", 34 per cent of all voters interviewed said "yes." That is a gain of only one per cent since last year, but it is, nevertheless, a gain. The gradual change in sentiment since repeal is indicated by the following table:

	Per cent of drys
1933	30
1936	33
1938	34

THEY WANT IT ALL—Practically every one of the more than twenty breweries in New York City was convicted last month of giving short measure. The kegs containing their product were found to be short an average of more than a quart each, the whole running into a sizable sum. Each brewery was fined twenty-five dollars, but they were warned that any further violation would bring severe punishment.

BOOZE PRODUCTION UP—Liquor production rose sharply during the year 1937, according to the report of the Alcohol Administration submitted to the Treasury Department. More than 5,000,000 more gallons of distilled liquors were made than in the previous year. Whisky stocks increased over fifty per cent. The number of distilleries rose from 269 to 275. Kentucky held its lead in whisky production, by supplying 40.8 per cent of the year's output, compared with 32.9 per cent in 1936.

CHURCH NEWS

SOUTHERN METHODISTS—Like a bombshell came the announcement that an organization of Southern laymen has been formed to fight the proposed merger of the M. E. Church, South, with the other Methodist bodies. The movement was begun, it seems, by Collins Denny, Jr. son of the venerable Bishop, and is spreading rapidly through Virginia and Tennessee. Mr. T. C. Keeling, of Nashville, a prominent layman, states the reasons for the movement. "This merger is a move to deliver $300,000,000 in church property into an arrangement about which 2,800,000 Southern Methodists know nothing. We do not even have access to our own publications to enlighten our members. We would have absolutely no control over our property after we entered into such a merger. There would be two votes for every one of the Southern Church members. The merger would mean a loss of over a million dollars in business a year for Nashville, alone, the removal from Nashville of the Board of Missions headquarters, the Consolidation of the Southern Methodist publications with those now issued in Chicago and Cincinnati, and the unemployment of hundreds of men and women now employed in our own publishing house. We propose to get in touch with every one of the 470 delegates to the forthcoming conference, which meets in April, and make the strongest possible representations as to why they should not ratify the merger."

WORLD PREACHING MISSION—Spurred by the marked success of the National Preaching Missions in the United States, it is announced by Dr. J. M. Bader, director, that a Preaching Mission to be shared in by all evangelical churches in all lands, is planned for 1940. Arrangements in some countries are already well under way, according to Dr. Bader.

PREACHERS' PELLETS

There is no place for a "Christian party," but we must work through whatever political organization we join to undergird democracy with heavenly citizenship.—Howard Chandler Robbins.

Christians above all others should be leaders, but the man without the outlook to see better times ahead is unlikely to quicken other pilgrims.—Dr. Robert Bond.

What is in the well of your heart is bound to come up in the bucket of your speech.—Dr. H. W. Bieber.

The story of the rich man and Lazarus is the story of two beggars. One begged bread on earth, and the other begged water in Hell.—Dr. Will H. Houghton.

Religion is rites, ceremonies, things that men do for God, but Christianity is something that God has done for man.—Dr. H. W. Bieber.

God will accept a surrendered desert and make it blossom as the rose. The bleaker the desert, the more beautiful the flowers that will grow.—Dr. R. G. Lee.

The difference between catching men and catching fish is that you catch fish that are alive and they die; you catch men that are dead and bring them to life.—Dr. Herbert Lockyer.

In every sinner, regardless of how low down he had gone, our blessed Lord saw a potential saint.—Rev. C. R. Beittel.

The National Preaching Mission is a united enterprise of the Protestant Churches of America, and is conducted by the Department of Evangelism of the Federal Council of Churches.

AUSTRALIA PREPARES FOR C. E.—Five thousand delegates from forty-five countries are expected to participate in the World Christian Endeavor Conference which will be held in Melbourne, Australia, from August 2d to August 8th, 1938. "Christ's Challenge to Youth" will be the theme of the Conference. Among the speakers will be Dr. Daniel A. Poling, world president, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, famous missionary and author, and many others. Associated with the Conference will be a missionary exhibition, for which the missionary societies of all denominations in Melbourne are uniting.

BIBLE TO BE REVISED—The American Standard Version of the Bible, unchanged since it was published in 1901, is to be revised during the next five years, according to an announcement made Dec. 3 by Dean Luther A. Weigle of the Yale Divinity School, chairman of the American Standard Bible Committee of the International Council of Religious Education.

Plans for the revision of the American Standard Bible were completed Dec. 2 in New York at a meeting of the Committee. Under the executive direction of Professor James Moffatt of Union Theological Seminary, New York, the new version of the Bible will, according to the plans of the committee, embody "the best results of modern scholarship as to the meaning of the Scriptures," and will preserve the "simple, classic English style of the King James Version."

CHICAGO—Chicago churches added more than one hundred thousand to their membership the past year, it was revealed at the annual meeting of the Chicago Church Federation. Protestant churches added 53,938, the Catholics about as many. One new denomination was added to the Federation, making a total of nineteen denominations and 1,055 churches. The Federation is taking an active part in the fight on legalized gambling.

AMISH CHURCH WINS—Several months ago the Amish sect in Pennsylvania was ordered by the Township School Board to close the ten "little red school houses" which their children had been attending, and send the pupils to the new Consolidated School. They protested to the Governor, who told them they could keep their schools. The Board overruled him; the Amish people appealed to the courts, and in an injunction handed down early in March, the Federal District Court sustained the Amish, and forbade the School Board to interfere.

FUNDAMENTALIST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH LOSES—The Presbyterian Church of America, which in 1936 split from the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. because of alleged modernism in that body, has been denied the use of the name "Presbyterian" by the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia. The denomination will appeal the decision to the higher courts.

UNQUESTIONABLY QUESTIONABLE—To the list of questionable ways to raise money for churches, "bingo" must be added. It has become a national scandal. One New York church has a sign in front reading, "Bingo every Thursday night *in the Holy Spirit room.*"

Eternal Light

This is the glorious truth of Easter Day,
This is the message of each swinging bell,
And in the Easter lilies as they sway
These are the words the golden clappers spell:
"Eternal Life . . ." The wayside grasses shout
The resurrection story, and the birds
A-wing upon the wind dart in and out
Among the new leaves crying out the words.

"Eternal Life!" Christ lives and we shall live,
Shall walk the hills of heaven clothed in white.
"Because I live, ye too shall live," He said.
There is no surer promise He has given
To those who walk along the ways of light.
The Christ is risen who was left as dead.

By Grace Noll Crowell

April 1938

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1878

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

EASTER SUNDAY 2038 A.D.

By

FRANK S. MEAD

THE peace of Easter was a blanket, covering Main Street and Middleville; the sun was high and bright and warm, as an Easter sun should be. Reveling in it, Luther Higginson stood stock still on a corner, listening to the note of a bird singing in a tree and the note of a distant church bell. Mystic was that note, and softly stirring. From another side of town came the music of chimes, playing "Holy, Holy, Holy." Luther told himself that everything here was in tune with the Infinite; that all was holy and nothing secular today; that for this one day, heaven and earth were one as the angels sang and the earth rejoiced, rousing dormant echoes of faith in the souls of the most earthbound of men.

A voice, apologetic, broke the spell: "Beg pardon, sir, but could you spare quarter? I'm hungry, and cold. . . ." He was. Luther's hand delved into his pocket, searching out the quarter as a hand dropped on his shoulder. He turned to look into the face of a well-dressed man in a cutaway coat. The beggar ran.

"You shouldn't have done that," said the well-dressed man.

"And why not?" asked Luther. "The man was hungry. He. . . ."

"He was a fraud," said the other. "There is not a single hungry man in Middleville; the Church sees to that."

"No hungry in Middleville?" said Luther.

"No. Nor any slums, or needy. I take it, sir, that you do not live here?"

"No, I don't live here," replied Luther.

"A stranger? Then I welcome you, sir. Do you attend church on Sunday?"

"I do," replied the stranger. "I am going to church this morning. To Second Methodist, over on Hunter Street."

"Hunter Street? There's no church on Hunter Street."

"But there must be," insisted Luther. "A Methodist Church."

"There is no Methodist Church in Middleville, my friend."

"*What?*"

"No Methodist Church, nor Baptist, nor Presbyterian, nor Lutheran Church. There is only The Church. Unless you want the Catholic Church; they have a Cathedral down at Twelfth and Main. There is but one Protestant Church. The Church."

"You seem well-informed," said Luther, staring at him. "You must be on the official board."

"I am," said the other with a smile. "The Minister."

"Oh." Luther was lost for a moment, and then he held out his hand. "Glad to know you, sir. I was a preacher, too, right here in this town, a long time ago. Would you . . . would you care to guide me to . . . to . . . The Church?"

They fell in step and they walked down Main Street and The Minister talked and Luther listened. The Minister explained that long since, ever since he could remember, there had been but one church; in the dim and distant past, he believed, there had been several competing churches. They had merged. There were several chapels in the town, he said, located conveniently for those who could not come to The Church, but there was only one organization.

Luther was enthralled, and he broke in only once: "On that corner," he said reminiscently, "there was a saloon. A bad one."

"A . . . saloon? Oh, yes. I remember. We haven't had a saloon there, or anywhere else, for years. You see, when the churches merged, they had a united front against the saloon, and it was too much for the saloon to fight. They were just driven out."

"You have no liquor, then!"

"You can get liquor from a doctor, if he thinks you need it. But few doctors think that, and few people ever ask for it. We start educating the children about liquor, in the public school kindergarten; when they grow up, they know so much about it that they just don't want it. By the way, you've been away a long time, haven't you?"

"A long time," said Luther. "Over there, we had the town jail. You've torn that down, too."

"Yes. The jail. We tore it down. We haven't any use for it now."

"No jail? But where do you put your criminals?"

"Out of sight," said The Minister. "We never see them, even in the newspapers. Once they are caught, they go to isolation camps and farms. We have prisons only for the hardened habitual criminal; the young first offenders go to school, the sick go to a hospital, the insane to an asylum. There are no jails; only places where . . . the kinks are straightened out. It takes a lot of work, and time. A lot of my time. We get them back into The Church as soon as possible, and we assume responsibility for them, with our Parole Office, once they come back to society."

"That," mused Luther, "would take a lot of time. I should think you'd be busy enough taking care of your members."

"We have no members," said The Minister.

"I—I beg your pardon?"

"No members. I mean that no one ever 'signs on the dotted line,' literally, as a member. We have a list of those who worship with us, and their addresses, but no one ever promises anything to this Church except to do his best to follow Jesus Christ. They don't join; they just come."

Luther still didn't believe it. "But," he persisted. "But—how about your reports? How do you get around *that?*"

"What reports?" asked The Minister.

In Memoriam

I sat in church
And looked for Him.
Perhaps the glow
From windows dim,
The organ's surge,
The preacher's prayer,
The bowing heads
Would bring Him there.

Then suddenly
The flowers stirred
In altar vase—
Their colors blurred,
And He was touching
Tenderly
Small blossoms in
Gethsemane.

Virginia E. Tollin

"Why, to the Bishop. And the District Superintendent."

"We have no Bishops, and no District Superintendents. Each Church runs itself. We save the money we used to pay them, for our Central Missions Fund. By the way, how long ago did you say you preached here?"

"Er—I didn't say. Some time ago. But how do you manage without Bishops? We always had them. Who ordains your ministers, and confirms your people?"

"The ministers meet once a year to ordain whatever new ministers they need. And having no members, we have no confirmations."

"And no confirmation classes, either? No instruction?"

"Oh, yes," replied The Minister. "We have classes for instruction. Classes for children and for adults, taught by paid, trained teachers. They are good teachers; paying them, we can demand that."

"And how big is your Sunday School?"

"We have no Sunday School."

"You—*what?*"

"We have a week-day school. It meets on Wednesday afternoons, when the public schools close and give us the children for four hours."

"Well," mused Luther, "I'd hate to ask a teacher to keep a class of wriggling boys quiet for four hours. We had an awful time keeping them quiet twenty minutes."

"Of course you did. You see, we don't *teach* for four hours. We have a lesson period, and a discussion period, a sort of forum where the youngsters can argue things out for themselves, a recreation period when they romp in the gym or hike across the countryside, or go to see the practical application of religion in a hospital. We have 'work' periods, when those who want to paint pictures get a chance to paint pictures, or those who want to build a model of Jerusalem or of this Church get their chance to do that. We have specialists to teach them, art teachers, science teachers, music teachers. And of course we have a Children's Church on Sunday, with a sermon children can understand."

"We follow them, all week long. There is a radio station on the roof, you know; with that we get into their homes twelve hours a day. We have a High School worker who does nothing but keep in touch with the High School group; sick visitors who are trained in medicine and psychiatry and who know what to say in a sickroom and when to say it; we have story-tellers who know how to tell a story, for our Kindergarteners. I do a little of everything, besides preaching, just so I can build my preaching on the lives of my people."

"You must have quite a staff."

"A staff of thirty-seven," replied The Minister.

"Thirty-seven! Why, that's impossible. This town couldn't support five preachers, when I was here."

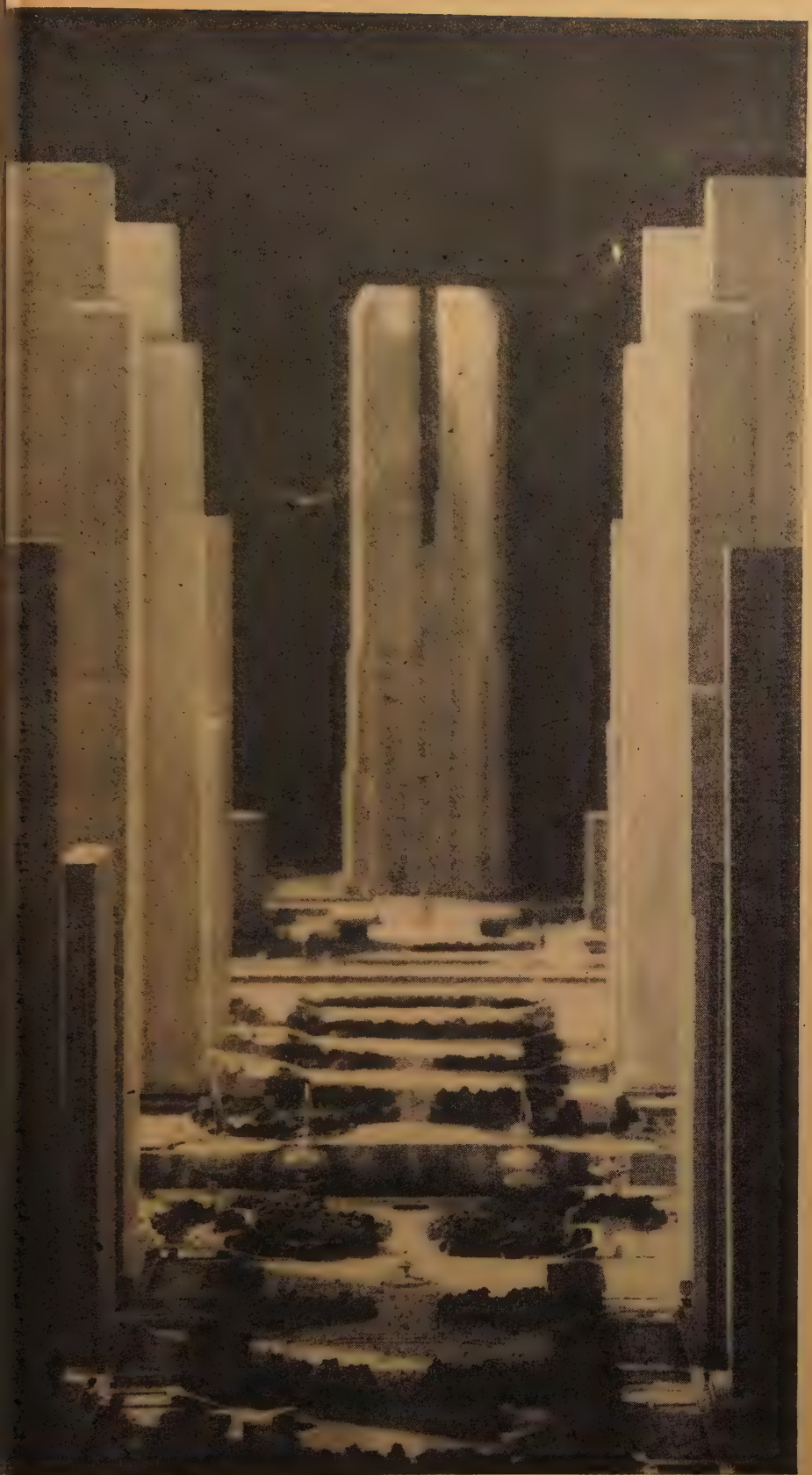
"But we have only one Church now. We've pooled our resources. We have no such financial troubles."

Luther tried another one: "And do you mean to tell me that all the people in this town want the same thing? I mean, do they all want to hear the same kind of sermon, from you? Do they all agree with your theology, sir?"

"Certainly not," said The Minister. "We make no attempt to make them like it. There will be nine services today; one will be a ritualistic service, with no sermon at all; one will be a musical service; there will be a discussion group this afternoon. There will be four sermons, no two of them alike."

Luther mopped his brow: "And your prayer meeting? You have that, I hope. We had great prayer meetings; used to call them the thermometer of the church."

"There are always people praying in The Church, my friend. Always. Morning, noon, and night; our doors have no keys. You'll find them here at midnight; men on their way to work; young people on their way home from parties.



Courtesy of the Shell Oil Companies

A City of the Future, as visualized by the artist, with its great, shadowy towers, its ample space, its beautiful parkways, its unity of design—all as Luther Higginson might see them a hundred years from now. Drawing by the famous scenic artist, **NORMAN BEL GEDDES**

I have a midweek prayer meeting downtown, for my business men; it is a luncheon. Prayer meetings, yes—seven days and nights a week."

"Well," said Luther, "I'm glad to hear that. Hmmm. Wonder if I've got any money for the collection?" He felt in his pocket.

"Never mind that," smiled The Minister. "We have no collection now."

"No offering!" said Luther. "I give up. You just can't run a church without offerings. That is, unless you have a lot of chicken suppers."

"No chicken suppers, either," said The Minister. "That is, no suppers to raise money. They're free, and for sociability only. We enjoy them, immensely. Once a year we have a Free Will Offering, when we ask every worshiper to give what he can toward the budget for the next year. It works. There is never any mention of money in the pulpit, never any drives for funds, never any paid entertainments or dinners. We like it. But here we are. There's The Church. See it?"

Luther saw it. It was, he thought at first glance, fit for heaven. It dominated. It was, to the naked eye, an incredibly majestic and moving thing, molded into stone and stained glass; it was, to a man like Luther, a thing built of dreams and souls. Perfect! Man could do no better; his thirst for perfection, his craving for the good, the beautiful and the true were consummated here. Realized, finished, complete.

"In my day," he said to himself, "there were five churches. Five little wooden things that always needed paint and repairs and a new carpet. They were all plastered with mortgages and the part-time janitor was never paid and so the church was always a little dusty and a little cold. But look at this! Er—what's it like, inside?"

"Let's go in and see," replied The Minister. He led Luther to the door, and left him, and as the stranger left Main Street he left one world for another. The Church was crowded, for this was Easter. Yet, crowded as it was, it was quiet. *No one talked.* All sat quietly, reverently, expectantly. Some kneeled; some sat with bowed heads and some with eyes closed and faces ecstatic as they listened to the music of the organ. The organ was concealed; the mellow, golden notes of its music felt like soft rain from heaven. Afar off, there were some muted voices singing. Closer, nearer they came, more and more distinct yet never loud. Luther realized suddenly that the processional was passing his pew and the congregation had risen. He looked for a hymnbook; there was no hymnbook. On a panel beside the altar the words they were singing were flashing on and off against the subdued colors of the wall. He sang, reading carefully at first, then mechanically, by heart. He knew these words:

"Christ the Lord is risen today, Hallelujah!"
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply, Hallelujah!"

His soul whispered, "It's the same old hymn. We sang it on Hunter Street."

The Minister entered as the hymn died, and lifted his voice in the morning prayer: "Oh thou Resurrected Christ, look down upon this weary world. . . ." Luther's voice spoke again: "The same old prayer!"

There was more singing, another prayer, and then a reader read from Matthew. Such reading, Luther told himself, as he had never heard before. The man was trained for it; his voice was perfect, deep, resonant, ringing; there was a depth and ring and an inflection in it that made his heart leap, and tears come to his eyes. There were no announcements, no offering, no bulletins to rustle and break the spell. There was not one single disturbing sound. There was only . . . worship.

Luther looked about him, at the faces. They were the *(Continued on page 45)*

Easter

A STORY IN THE FORM OF

MARY MAGDALENE
SIMON PETER
JOHN
FIRST ANGEL
SECOND ANGEL
THE SAVIOUR

From the Gospel of St. John 20:1-16

SCENE: It is Easter morning, and the garden of Joseph of Arimathea is sweet with the perfume of flowers and gallant with the gold of April sunlight. But the two men—walking slowly together through the garden—are quite unconscious of this springtime beauty, for they are bowed with grief and despair . . . The elder of the two men is speaking:

PETER: (VERY LOW) I am heavy laden. My heart is a burning agony in my breast.

JOHN: I, too, feel that I have come to the parting of the ways and the end of hope.

PETER: Your trouble is not so great as mine, John . . . You were the one our Master loved best.

JOHN: He loved you, also, Simon Peter . . . He loved all of his disciples.

PETER: All of them?

JOHN: Yes, all of them. Even Judas Iscariot.

PETER: Judas, the betrayer! (HE GROANS) I have no right to speak of Judas with scorn and loathing. I, too, betrayed our Lord.

JOHN: You were tempted beyond your strength, Peter.

PETER: That does not excuse me . . . My strength should have been greater than the temptation.

JOHN: (WITH A CATCH IN HIS VOICE) It is too late now for self-condemnation.

PETER: It is, indeed, too late. Jesus has been crucified these three days past.

JOHN: Yes, these three days he has been lying in the tomb. God grant his rest be peaceful.

PETER: Amen to that—for he had little peace on this earth. (HIS VOICE QUAVERS) When I think of him toiling up that hill—

JOHN: (IN A STRANGLED VOICE) *Don't!*

PETER: (GOING ON DOGGEDLY) When I think of him nailed upon the cross between two thieves—

JOHN: Simon Peter, *don't* . . .

PETER: My mind is going in circles—the thoughts come faster and faster . . . When I think of the crown of thorns—(HE BREAKS OFF) John, who comes running toward us?

JOHN: (UNSTEADILY) It seems to be a woman in distress. She is waving her arms as if she seeks to attract our attention.

PETER: Even at this distance I can glimpse the tears upon her face. (HIS VOICE QUICKENS) John, it is Mary Magdalene!

JOHN: (AFTER A MOMENT) Yes, it *is* Mary Magdalene.

PETER: (PUZZLED) I wonder what she is doing in this lonely garden?

JOHN: We will soon know—

THERE IS A MOMENT OF SILENCE BROKEN BY THE LIGHT SOUND OF HURRYING FOOTSTEPS.

PETER: Look, John, she is as white as death. (HE RAISES HIS VOICE AND CALLS) Mary! Mary Magdalene! What is wrong with you?

MARY: (AS SHE RUSHES TOWARD THE TWO MEN) It is too terrible—I cannot bear it . . . Oh, Simon Peter—oh, John! . . . It is too terrible.

PETER: (STERNLY) Control yourself, Mary Magdalene.

Garden

A PLAY By Margaret E. Sangster

MARY: I can no longer control myself.

PETER: You must try to—

JOHN: (INTERPOSING) Do not chide her, Peter . . . Mary, tell us quickly—what is so terrible?

MARY: (SPEAKING IN GASPS) This morning I came to bring fresh flowers to the tomb of the Master. I picked them, myself, when the dew was still fresh upon them.

PETER: (GRUFFLY) Come to the point, woman.

MARY: I *am* coming to the point . . . When I bore my flowers to the tomb I found that it had been desecrated.

JOHN: (IN A SHOCKED TONE) *Desecrated?*

MARY: (STILL SPEAKING IN GASPS) They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher and I know not where they have laid him.

PETER: (BEWILDERED) But I do not understand, Mary?

MARY: The tomb is open and his body is gone.

JOHN: (IN AMAZEMENT) But, Mary, that is not possible. The tomb was sealed by the order of Pilate and there was a watch set . . . Are you quite sure of what you say?

MARY: I am sure . . . Christ's body is gone.

JOHN: This passes all belief.

MARY: (SOBBING) It does.

PETER: (SLOWLY) There must be some mistake . . . John, let us hurry to the tomb. We must see this thing for ourselves—

JOHN: Yes, we must.

MARY: Will you not take my word for it?

PETER: From now on I believe only what my own sight tells me. (HIS VOICE HOLDS A STRICKEN NOTE) Oh, who would have done this thing?

MARY: The country is crowded with thieves and robbers.

JOHN: (VERY LOW) There were many who mocked him —who did him injury in life—

MARY: (DESPERATELY) Surely only thieves and robbers would have desecrated a tomb. Surely none of Christ's enemies would have hurt him—now that he can no longer feel pain! (HER VOICE RISES TO A WAIL) Surely—

PETER: (INTERRUPTING) Peace, Mary—be still.

JOHN: Be gentle with her, Peter. She is unstrung.

MARY: (MOANING) Everything is black before my eyes.

PETER: You ran too fast, Mary. Stay here quietly until we return.

MARY: I will stay here until I catch my breath. Then I will join you two at the tomb.

PETER: Very well . . . Come, John.

JOHN: I come.

THERE'S A MOMENT OF SILENCE BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET.

PETER: (SPEAKING JERKILY AS HE RUNS) Do you think it possible that Mary Magdalene imagined this outrage?

JOHN: (SPEAKING ALSO AS HE RUNS) She is not usually given to hysteria.

PETER: We are all grown hysterical these days.

JOHN: Perhaps Mary only *thought* that the tomb was empty.

PETER: (PANTING) Perhaps.

THERE IS ANOTHER SHORT SPACE OF SILENCE. JOHN AND PETER ARE NOW RUNNING MORE WEARILY.

JOHN: (GASPING FOR BREATH) There is the tomb, Peter, just ahead of us.

PETER: Yes, there it is. (HE HESITATES) Mary Magdalene was right, John—the stone has been rolled away from the door.

JOHN: And it was *sealed!* Shall I enter the tomb, Simon Peter?

PETER: Do.

JOHN: (STOOPING DOWN AND ENTERING THE TOMB) Here, Peter, are the linen clothes in which Jesus was wrapped.

PETER: (AFTER A PAUSE) The air is still heavy with the scent of myrrh and aloes.

JOHN: Yes, it is.

PETER: (AFTER ANOTHER PAUSE) John! The napkin in which our master's head was wrapped!

JOHN: The napkin? But I do not see it, Peter.

PETER: (IN A HUSHED VOICE) It is lying in a place by itself. There . . . In the corner.

JOHN: (HEAVILY) I see it now.

PETER: (GROANING) It was bad enough that robbers should desecrate the tomb, but they might have left his body undefiled.

JOHN: (HIS VOICE BREAKING) This is more than I can credit.

PETER: I am shocked beyond expression.

JOHN: To think of our Lord Jesus lying somewhere under the open sky—at the mercy of vultures and wolves. (PAUSE) Where are you going, Simon Peter?

PETER: (HEAVILY) I am going home.

JOHN: Home? But what of Mary Magdalene—she was to meet us here.

PETER: I cannot face her after this shock. Indeed, I can face no one.

JOHN: (WITH A DEEPLY INDRAWN BREATH) I, too, am driven beyond endurance . . . I, too, will go to my abode.

PETER: It is better, for a while, that we stay in solitude.

JOHN: We must fast and pray . . . There is nothing that we can do for him . . . Not—now.

PETER: You are right, John. There is—nothing.

THE TWO MEN TURN SADLY AWAY FROM THE TOMB. THEY WALK WITH SLOW, DRAGGING TREAD FROM THE PLACE WHERE JESUS LAY. WHEN THE SOUND OF THEIR FOOTFALLS HAS FINALLY ECHOED OFF INTO THE DISTANCE THE GARDEN IS SO STILL THAT THE STILLNESS ACTUALLY HURTS. AFTER A LONG MOMENT THE SONG OF A BIRD RISES TRIUMPHANTLY ON THE AIR. THE BIRD SONG IS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF A WOMAN'S VOICE CALLING FROM THE DISTANCE.

MARY: (CALLING) Simon Peter, where are you? (SHE COMES CLOSER) John, are you there?
THE SILENCE AGAIN GROWS HEAVY. THE BIRD IS NO LONGER SINGING.

MARY: (COMING CLOSER) Peter! John! Where are you? THERE'S ANOTHER MOMENT OF SILENCE WHICH IS SHATTERED BY THE SOUND OF MARY'S VOICE, RAISED IN WEEPING.

MARY: (COMING VERY CLOSE) They knew that I meant to join them—and yet they have fled . . . Ah, me, women must ever bear their sorrows alone—(SHE HESITATES, AND WHEN SHE SPEAKS AGAIN HER VOICE IS TENSE) What is this that I see through the shadows? (PAUSE) I see two men who sit in the Master's tomb where his feet and head have laid. Is it you, Peter—John, is it—

FIRST ANGEL: (INTERRUPTING) Woman, why weepest thou?

SECOND ANGEL: This is no time for tears—

MARY: (WONDERINGLY) *You* are not Simon Peter. Neither are *you* John.

FIRST ANGEL: We are not of this earth . . . Why weepest thou?

MARY: (BROKENLY) I weep because they have taken my Lord away—and I know not where they have laid him.

SECOND ANGEL: (VERY QUIETLY) Go, woman, and weep no more—

MARY: (BENEATH HER BREATH) Go, and weep no more . . . Once the Saviour himself said unto me—"Go and *sin* no more" . . . *It is an omen*—
MARY TURNS AWAY FROM THE TOMB AND STARTS DRAGGINGLY DOWN THE GARDEN PATH. THERE IS THE CRUNCHING SOUND OF SMALL PEBBLES BENEATH HER WEARY FEET. AS SHE WALKS AWAY THE BIRD AGAIN BEGINS TO TRILL.

MARY: (SLOWLY) How can a bird sing so joyously when my soul is filled with care? How can the sun shine so brightly when the Master's body has been carried afar off. How can the flowers smell so sweet when he, who loved flowers, is dead?
THE BIRD SONG—RISING IN A FLOOD OF BEAUTY—SEEM TO TOUCH HEAVEN.

MARY: The little bird is mad with happiness. It is as if he sings Alleluia! Alleluia!
MARY WALKS SLOWLY ON. THE BIRD SONG FINALLY DIES AWAY AND THE GARDEN IS ONCE MORE SILENT. THROUGH THE SILENCE MARY SPEAKS.

MARY: (THOUGHTFULLY) I believe I know why John and Peter left this garden. They were so discouraged that they did not dare to meet my eye. (SHE BEGINS TO CRY SOFTLY) They could not stand the sight of my tears—they were too sad to share my grief. Somehow—(SHE BREAKS OFF AND WHEN SHE SPEAKS AGAIN HER VOICE IS EXCITED) Here comes a man—he must be a gardener! Perhaps *he* knows where the Master is lying—perhaps if I ask him—(SHE BREAKS OFF ONCE MORE AND LEAVES HER SENTENCE UNFINISHED)
THERE IS THE BRISK SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING MARY. THE FOOTSTEPS CEASE DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HER.

JESUS: Woman, why weepest thou?

MARY: (PUZZLED) That is what they asked me, back at the tomb. (SHE RAISES HER VOICE SLIGHTLY) What else could I do, sir, but weep?

JESUS: (REPEATING HIMSELF, VERY GENTLY) *Why weepest thou?*

MARY: (TO HERSELF) His voice is not the voice of a gardener! (SHE SPEAKS ALOUD) Sir, if you have borne him hence tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away.

JESUS: (TENDERLY) Mary—

MARY: (SWEPT BY WONDER) Am I then dreaming?

JESUS: (EVEN MORE TENDERLY) *Mary*—

MARY: (IN UTTER RAPTURE) It is His voice—His voice, sounding back from eternity . . . It is a *miracle* . . . (ALL AT ONCE SHE FALTERS) Master . . . *Master* . . .
MARY FALLS ON HER KNEES IN THE GARDEN PATH. FROM THE HIGHEST TREETOP THE BIRD TAKES UP HIS MELODY. THERE IS NO DOUBT NOW AS TO THE MEANING OF HIS SONG.

I get my SCRIBBLERS BONUS and MORE

By Beatrice Plumb

* * *

After my story, "I Get My Scribbler's Bonus," appeared in Christian Herald, *letters rained in from readers, all eager to tell of some bonus they, too, were receiving.*

They came from printers, preachers, artists, teachers, doctors, nurses, social workers, poets, musicians, authors, radio and stage. From teeming city and lonely farm. From an emeritus member of the faculty of a state university; from the teacher of a little rural school of only seven pupils. From globe-trotter and shut-in; from a social editor covering her own church assignments; from a truck driver teaching Sunday School in a garage. From a railroad engineer; a beekeeper; a nursemaid telling of the splendid work being done by her church's young people's society—"Our gang," she calls them, "All Christians in the making, Miss Plumb." Scores and scores of letters, each grateful for a different bonus!

HERE is a letter that tells an unforgettable story of a Sunday School teacher who believed there were infinite possibilities for good locked up in the heart of even the most unpromising of boys.

There drifted into his class one day a seventeen-year old lad who could find nothing more exciting to do. He had been forced to leave school while in the seventh grade and go to work in the local calico factory.

"I was just a part of the machinery," he writes. "I merely sat on a stool and watched the cloth run smoothly into the machine—"

The faithful teacher had the lad on his heart. He went out looking for him, found him in his hall bedroom, his only home, talked to him of Christ and taught him to pray. Nothing was ever the same to the boy after that. Life took on a new, deep significance. So did the Church. With the awakening of his soul, came a consuming desire to be a minister.

He sought the pastor of his church, who smilingly shook his experienced head. With no education, no financial backing, what earthly chance had the lad?

But he had a heavenly! The faithful Sunday School teacher put a reassuring hand on his bowed shoulders. "Make a start, lad," he advised him, "and when you have reached the limit of your own resources, I'll help you."

He made a start in the eighth grade, and plodded through eleven years of college and seminary. Then came his first pastorate, "with a nondescript Sunday School held in a public hall." His first church was a discarded building once used as a toll gate. But the eighteen members of his congregation, led by a professor from the University of Cincinnati, gave the inside of that building such a repairing, cleaning and painting as never was! And in no time at all, it was a cozy, cheerful place of worship.

Here the young minister won his first converts, and enlisted their driving young enthusiasm in a breath-taking, challenging campaign to build a new church. The very next year saw the foundation laid for a substantial, dignified building. How those young converts saved and slaved! Others joined their ranks, adding their strength. In five years the membership had increased to one hundred and two—and the new building, The Immanuel Baptist Church, was finished, almost clear of debt, and dedicated!

That happened forty-five years ago, and in my hand is the inspiring letter that spans almost half a century. The great minister who was once that little boy in the calico factory, the lad on his knees beside the faithful Sunday School teacher in a tiny hall bedroom, wrote it:

"My dear Miss Plumb; Were you ever so supremely happy that you awakened in the middle of the night to find tears of joy flooding your eyes? That was my experience last week. May I tell you about it?"

He goes on to tell in pages that fairly glow with the radiant joy of a recent reunion, "when the old pastor sat down with seven of those first converts, his spiritual children, for a family dinner." Some of them had not met in all those forty-five years. Some were mothers, some grandmothers. All were members of great churches in great cities. But to the old pastor, they were still Jessie, Sara, Ida, Mamie, still Bertha, Mae and Ella. His "girls," the King's Daughters of the little toll-house church.

How they talked! Every other breath was a "Do you remember?" The time he had taught them really to pray; the written examinations he had given them on their Bible lessons; that famous party in the unfinished church. So *much* they remembered! He was remembering, too. His own earnest prayers that the young folks in his makeshift little church would become permanent, abiding Christians. He asked them now if they had ever regretted their youthful decision for Christ. A mighty shout went up. "No, sir! It has been the making of us!"

And then they told what each was doing for the Kingdom. Ida and Bertha had specialized in Sunday School work for children, and were now heads of the pri-

mary and junior departments in their church. Ella, a leader in the music department of her own church, had been for a number of years President of the Home Mission Union of all the Baptist churches in Cincinnati and vicinity. Ida owned a bookshop, specializing in religious books and Sunday School supplies, and was the adviser of young leaders in the many church schools surrounding the city. Mamie and her family were financially able to give generous gifts to their church, and joyfully did so.

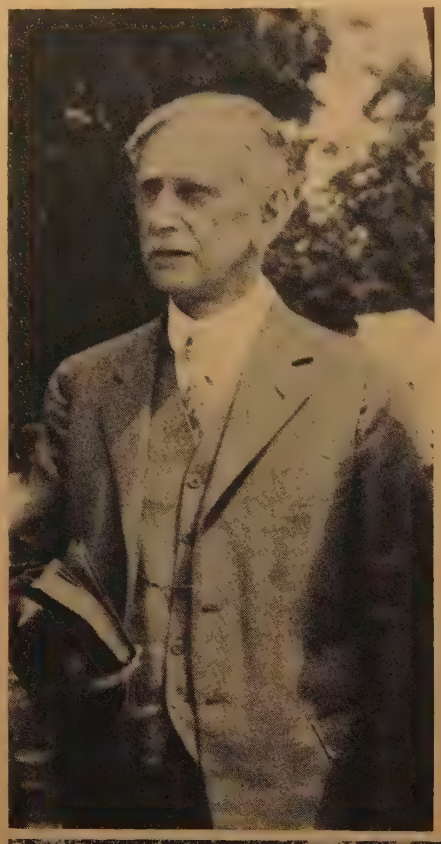
The two sisters, Mae and Sara, had given long, devoted service both to their church and their employers. Mae, after forty-one years with one Insurance Company, true to the highest position of responsibility and trust, had been retired on a comfortable pension for life. The other had gained honorable preferment with a railway company.

And Jessie? She had been the fun-loving little dancer, whose "best young man" didn't want her to join the church. For a time she had hesitated, but after a frank talk with the pastor had come formally into the fold. And lost the young man—or, rather, he had lost her. And now, after forty-four years with a famous jewelry firm, rising step by step, Jessie had become one of the country's leading diamond experts. But, better still, through all those climbing years, she had taught a Sunday School class! For the last eighteen years, it had been a class of sixty young women, and the records showed over two hundred conversions coming directly from her teaching and winning personality.

What a harvest! But "the old parson" takes no glory to himself, for he writes humbly: "With all the converts of my own ministry, will not the Heavenly Record credit something of these, also, to the dear man who first taught me to pray?"

There is something else to credit to that dear man. Dr. Lyman, I happen to know, has put six people through college on a similar promise to the one his teacher made to him, "Make a start; and when you have reached the limit of your own resources, I'll help you."

But back to that joyous letter. The word "bonus" has no place in our minister's vocabulary, but how well he knows its meaning! "There is compensation to the faithful worker for Christ that cannot be counted in earthly measures," he writes, and ends his letter with that often unnoticed line in the third letter of John, the aged, "I have no greater joy than to know that my children are living in obedience to the truth."



Gently I put the letter back in my files, knowing that the fine old pastor, like thousands upon thousands of his kind, will never be actually "retired." He will always teach and preach. He cannot help it. He belongs to the King.

Dozens of letters came from teachers. Here is one, the first of many. "Dear Miss Plumb, Your 'Scribbler's Bonus' reminds me that teachers also have a bonus, which enriches the profession no matter how poorly paid in coin. Poverty-stricken, indeed, are those who never receive it."

She tells of one little backward boy with whom she had taken special pains. He moved into another school district. Some time later when she was down town, she heard her name called in excited, shrill tones from across the street. There he was, waving madly and yelling the glad news to her, "I passed! I passed!"

I love her gentleness and patience with the plodders. She quotes a verse, with the hope that the Great Teacher will one day give the same understanding approval to her own faulty efforts:

His brown eyes were full of pleading,
"Teacher, I've done my best."
I told him his paper pleased me—
And gave him a star with the rest.

She has always taught in small, rural schools, she says, with never more than sixteen to twenty pupils. But it is part of her blessed bonus to have them come and thank her for aiding them in attaining their goal; and to know that one motherless girl is a teacher in college whereas she might have been "just someone's hired girl."

In the very first school she taught, she writes, there stood a homely, crooked tree beside a pretty birch just outside the window. She never could resist comparing them with the way people sometimes grew. After one of her boys had grown up into a very splendid man, he told her: "Several times I very nearly went wrong in one way or another. But somehow that old tree always cropped up in my mind, and I'd have to go straight!"

One of her backward boys had been the "bad boy" of several schools. I found something he could do better than anyone else. He didn't have to be bad any more to get notice. At the end of the year, we were both surprised when we remembered that he had once been a bad boy. . . . These are the little things that make up a country teacher's bonus."

Little! They are so gloriously big that you could not do them alone. You belong to the King.

Here is a letter from a gifted woman who could have been a great artist. As a little girl, she longed to paint some great, uplifting picture. As she grew to womanhood, it looked as if her dream might come true. For a wealthy uncle offered her the best art education obtainable. She could study abroad. Now was her great chance. But she never took it. Her parents needed her at home. In later years, she married a physician, and in that busy household, she could sketch and paint only in her spare time.

About seven years ago she drew an inspired picture of Christ, named by her mother, "Divine Love Incarnate." Since then she has received eighteen thousand requests for copies.

I have one on my desk. On the back is a finely-printed note: "This is a print of a free-hand drawing with pencil; drawn because I love Him."

A literally *priceless* picture! Thousands have gone out on their heavenly mission, with never a cent charged for one. It was given to her, she explains. Should she not give it as freely? Let her tell you its miraculous story:

"Finding the stores did not have pictures of the Christ for sale, I came home, sat down and started to draw . . . I began to sketch from the top down, not looking at anything; but I felt such an overwhelming love that it seemed all I could bear. When I had finished the eyes, I dropped the pencil and cried, 'Oh, I have something!' For they were so alive, so full of love and peace—"

Those speaking eyes have comforted thousands. The little picture has been pinned to the curtains near many a hospital cot to *(Continued on page 53)*

Just above, the little home in Deland, Florida, where Dr. Homer Childs Lyman spends his winters, and, at top, the great minister himself—now retired—who was once that little boy in the calico factory, won to Christ by a faithful Sunday School teacher

READING THE GREAT BIBLE IN OLD ST. PAUL'S—*From the painting* by SIR GEORGE HARVEY

THE GREATEST BOOK *in the world*

By

A. EDWARD NEWTON

[PART TWO]

WE ARE entering upon that interesting period known as the Reformation. Bishops, however they may have differed with one another in doctrine, agreed that the purification—of others—was best accomplished, not by following the teachings of the Bible, but by fire; and to solemn or joyous burnings of religious and godly men was added the destruction so far as was possible, of their works. Said Tyndale, "In burning my New Testament they did none other than I looked for; if they burn me also, it is God's will." Nevertheless, to escape, he fled to Antwerp. Here he was seized, thrown into prison, and finally put to death. On account of his pious and exemplary life he was spared the agony of being burnt, his sentence being merely that he should be strangled and his body burnt at the stake. This was done in the name of religion.

It has been estimated that by the time of his death not less than fifty thousand copies of his New Testament had been printed, the laws which had been passed forbidding its printing and possession being ineffective chiefly on account of the tiny dimensions of the book, five or six inches by four.

Shortly after the death of Tyndale it was decreed that it was no longer a crime to translate or print or read the Bible, and Miles Coverdale, a Yorkshireman, subsequently the Bishop of Exeter, became responsible for the famous Bible that bears his name. Scholars are generally agreed that Coverdale had access to five Latin and several German Bibles, including Luther's, and that his influence upon the translations which followed his own has been great and enduring. We are told that he had an instinct for whatever was sympathetic and beautiful; such expressions as "tender mercy," and "loving kindness," and many similar expressions which have become a part of our language, we owe to him. It was his hope that his own work would soon be displaced by a better text, and it was, in fact only two years later that the Matthew Bible appeared.

But we are anticipating. Henry Eighth was still upon his throne, busying himself, between getting married, with the affairs, spiritual as well as temporal, of his subjects. It seems to have been represented to him by Thomas Cromwell, his Chancellor, that he would do well to authorize a new edition of the Bible and, this being in accordance with Archbishop Cranmer's view, Coverdale was appealed to, to revise his text, taking into consideration the Matthew text. The result was the "Great Bible," published in 1539, the authorized version of the time. It is a noble book: the type is black letter, well composed, the ink is brilliant and the paper superb. As no printer in England had the equipment necessary for the production of so sumptuous a volume as was contemplated, Henry secured a special license from Francis First, King of France, permitting his printer, Regnault, to supervise the undertaking. But even with royal permission in hand, difficulties were encountered: the type was set and some of the sheets were printed when the officers of the Inquisi-

tion swooped down upon the undertaking and great confusion ensued. Grafton, the printer, and Coverdale, the editor and translator who had come from London to be at hand while the work was "in press," as we would say, were "at their wittes endes." Finally the presses and types were conveyed to a place of safety and the work was completed.

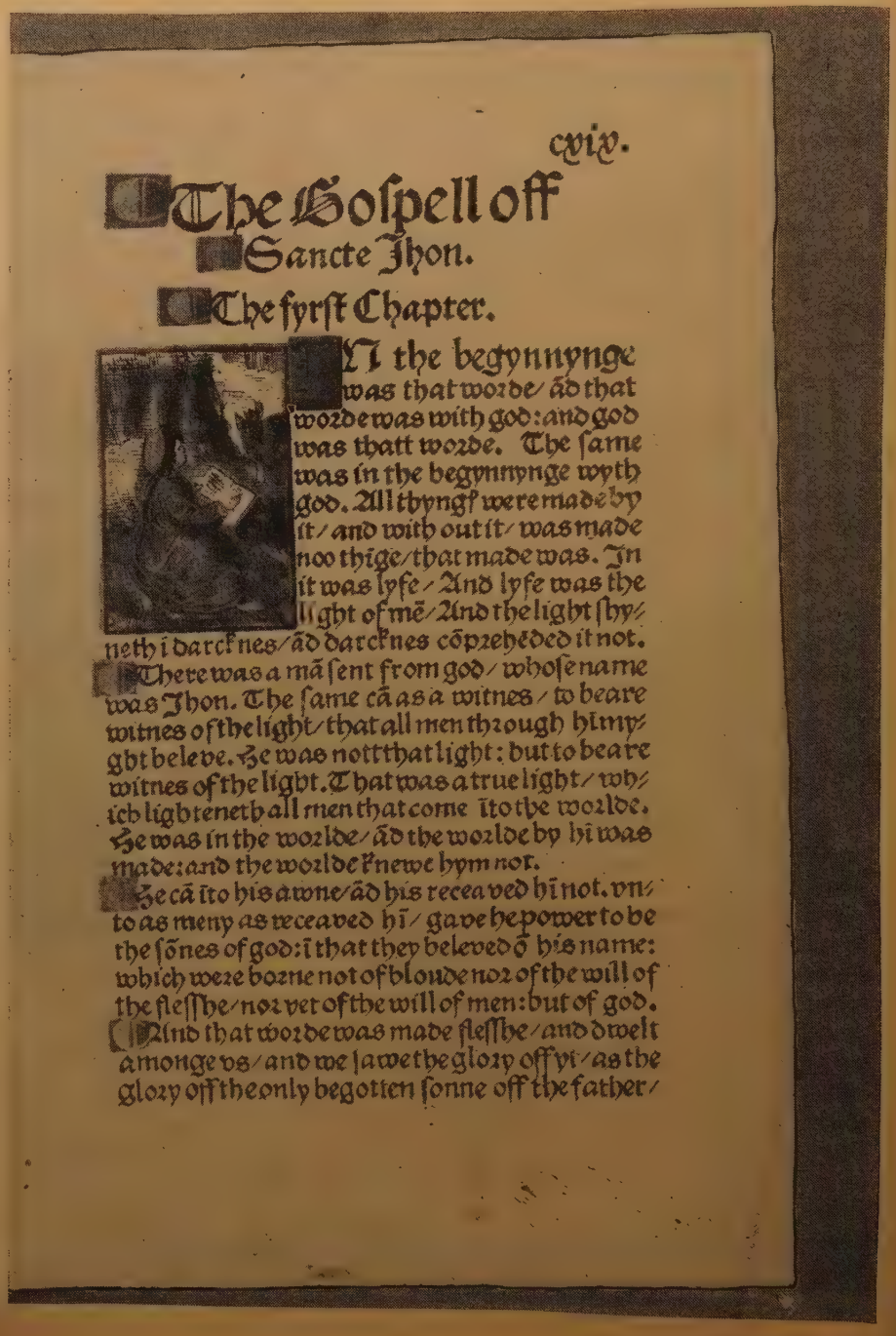
These difficulties were, no doubt, exceptional, and they cause one to look upon the old book with reverence: indeed one should always look upon an old book in that way. What learning and skill entered into its production: with what hopes, or perchance misgivings, its author or its editor entrusted his manuscript to the printer! We who live in an age which seems to have adopted for its slogan, "Do it electrically," that is to say, rapidly, may well pause for a moment and think upon the places and the peoples who, three or four hundred years ago, produced those books which all the world today so greatly admires. What facilities had the printers of those days? From our point of view, none. Yet they designed and cast beautiful types which are still a delight to the eye, and set them with taste, and printed from them on rude presses in jet black ink upon paper which yet remains as sound as when it first came from the mill. Verily those old printers were artists and craftsmen, not mechanics.

The "Great Bible" is a large folio, and a fine copy is today an extreme rarity. It bears the imprint of Richard Crafton and Edward Whitchurch. The title page, or frontispiece, is an elaborate engraving, said to be from a drawing by Hans Holbein, crowded with Biblical and political allusions. At the top of the picture King Henry VIII, seated on his throne, is giving Bibles to the clergy on his right by the hands of his Archbishop, Cranmer, while the people on his left are receiving theirs from his High Chamberlain, Thomas Cromwell. Meantime a host of figures, great and small, are shouting "Vivat Rex" and "God Save the Kynge," in a most engaging manner. But alas, a few months after having been created Earl of Essex, Cromwell had the misfortune to offend the King in the matter of one of his wives, and Henry caused him to be beheaded in the Tower.

There were seven issues of the Great Bible, in the last three of which the coat of arms of Cromwell was erased from the title page, leaving a round blank space about the size of a shilling. This Bible is sometimes improperly called Cranmer's Bible, but "the promoter of the enterprise was Cromwell, the editor was Coverdale, the printer was Regnault, the famous French typographist, with what assistance could be rendered him by his English associates, Grafton and Whitchurch." The error grew out of the fact that Cranmer composed an elaborate preface as an introduction to the edition of 1540 and subsequent issues. It may not be amiss to remind the reader that Cranmer too, in due course, died a victim of the Reformation —at the stake.

But for the moment Archbishop and Chancellor were in high favor, and a royal order decreed that every clergyman in England should provide "one book of the whole Bible of the largest volume in Englysshe, and have the same sett up in summe convenient place within the churche that he was cure of, whereat his parishioners might commodiously resort to rede yt." But this rule was not strictly obeyed, Henry having wives and other matters to attend to. For eighteen years after publication little or nothing was done in the matter of perfecting the text, and Edward Sixth, when he came to the throne, gave his name to the Book of Common Prayer, with which virtually he had nothing to do.

Ten years after the publication of the "Great Bible," that is to say, in 1549, the first edition of the Prayer Book appeared. Subsequent issues containing minor changes, the result of religious or political bickering, appeared from time to time, until finally, after a conference, it was decided that no further changes should be permitted; whereupon a copy known as the "sealed copy," the text of which was approved by a substantial majority, was deposited in the Tower of London as a standard to which future reference might be made. Not again until 1717 is the book collector's attention challenged by a Prayer Book. In that year John Sturt, a London engraver, famous for the exquisite minuteness of his work —he engraved the Lord's Prayer on a half-penny and the Creed upon a silver penny —executed one hundred and eighty-eight silver plates from which was printed the full and complete text of the version of the Prayer Book in use in his day. It is a marvelous production: each page is adorned with borders and vignettes, and while the text is very fine, the whole of it can be read with the naked eye, except the frontispiece, which is composed of a portrait of George I, on which are inscribed the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, Prayers for the Royal Family, and the Twenty-first Psalm! There are over five hundred ornamental initial letters, and indeed the whole production is nothing short of marvelous. I have long had a fine copy of the small paper edition, but a few weeks ago, in the Brick Row Bookshop in New York, a



cxix.

The Gospell off Sancte Jhon.

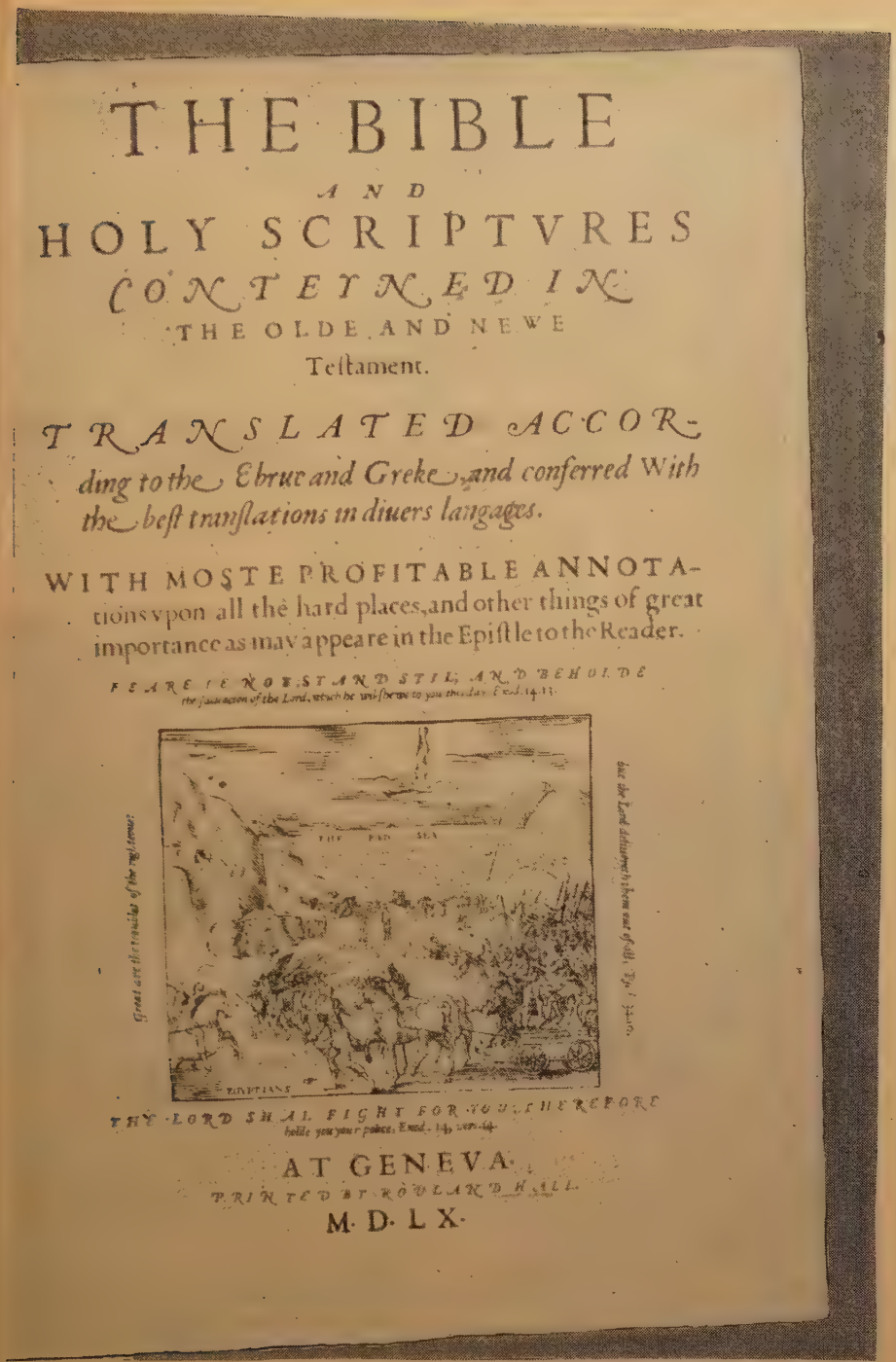
The fyrst Chapter.

IN the begynnynge was that worde/ ād that worde was with god: and god was thatt worde. The same was in the begynnynge wyth god. All thyngs were made by it/ and with out it/ was made noo thige/ that made was. In it was lyfe/ And lyfe was the light of mē/ And the light shyneth i darcknes/ ād darcknes cōprehended it not.

There was a mā sent from god/ whose name was Jhon. The same cā as a witnes/ to beare witnes of the light/ that all men through hym myght beleve. He was not that light: but to beare witnes of the light. That was a true light/ which lighteneth all men that come īto the worlde. He was in the worlde/ ād the worlde by hī was made: and the worlde knewe hym not.

He cā īto his awne/ ād his receaved hī not. vnto as meny as receaved hī/ gave he power to be the sōnes of god: i that they beleved ō his name: which were borne not of blonde nor of the will of the flesshe/ nor yet of the will of men: but of god.

And that worde was made flesshe/ and dwelt amonge vs/ and we sawe the glory off yt/ as the glory off the only begotten sonne off the father/



THE BIBLE

AND

HOLY SCRIPTVRES

CONTEYNED IN

THE OLDE AND NEWE

Testament.

TRANSLATED ACCORding to the Ebrue and Greke, and conferred With the beſt translations in diuers langages.

WITH MOSTE PROFITABLE ANNOTAtions vpon all the hard places, and other things of great importance as may appeare in the Epiſtle to the Reader.

FEARE YE NOT, STAND STIL, AND BEHOLDE the ſaluation of the Lord, which he will ſhewe to you this day. Exod. 14. 13.

THE RED SEA

EGYPTIANS

THY LORD SHAL FIGHT FOR YOU, THEREFORE holde you your peace. Exod. 14. vers. 14.

AT GENEVA.

PRINTED BY ROVLAND HALL.

M. D. LX.

Above, Title Page of the Geneva or "Breeches' Bible," (1560). At left, first page of the Gospel of St. John from the Tyndale Testament (1525). This was the first Testament in English, translated from the original Hebrew and Greek versions. Wyclif's Bible was translated from the Latin Vulgate

clergyman, overhearing a conversation on the subject of Bibles and Prayer Books, put me in the way of obtaining what I believe must be the finest copy of the book in existence. It is printed on large paper, the pages being ruled by hand with thin red, green and gold lines; it is in a fine contemporary binding, and is made additionally valuable by the bookplate of that most discriminating collector and old friend of mine, Samuel Putnam Avery.

There was very little study of the Bible during the reign of Edward's violently partisan sister, "Bloody Mary," but with the accession of Queen Elizabeth the reading of the Bible of the "largest volume" was encouraged. Soon another Bible arrived from the Continent to challenge its supremacy. This was the Geneva or "Breeches Bible," so called because in it the seventh verse of the third chapter of Genesis reads, "made themselves breeches" instead of "aprons"; no fewer than sixty editions of it were published during the reign of Elizabeth alone.

In these days when questions of doctrine, that is to say, what is taught, and dogma, which has been defined as arrogant expression of opinion, have paled before the blazing sun of science, it seems almost unbelievable that four hundred years ago, in what called itself a civilized and Christian country, men were persecuted and put to death for holding beliefs that arose, not so much from the Bible itself, as from the expounders of it. Miles Coverdale, then Bishop of Exeter, a pious and exemplary old man of seventy, to whom we owe so much, was deprived of his bishopric and obliged to flee for his life before the bloody rage of Queen Mary. He deserves to be remembered for his saying, in a time when violence of opinions was counted for righteousness, that he was "always will and ready to do his best as well in one translation as in another." His name is associated with three versions of the Bibles: the edition of 1535, which bears him name, the Great Bible of 1539, and the Geneva Bible of 1560.

Various reasons have been given for the popularity of the "Breeches Bible." It had a romantic background: it was the Bible of the Reformation, the Bible of Calvin and Knox and their followers, and it was of convenient size; it was portable and inexpensive. Above all, it was the first Bible that was cut up into verses which could readily be committed to memory. For all these reasons it came to be beloved by the common people as no other Bible had ever been.

But English ecclesiastics were jealous of its popularity and were determined to oust it if possible; their efforts resulted in the "Bishops' Bible" of 1568. Nothing was left undone to make this appealing; it was issued in magnificent style with a portrait of Queen Elizabeth and—in very bad taste—another of her supposed lover, Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, and of Lord Burleigh, her minister. Its cost was about the equivalent of twenty pounds today, and an order of the Convocation of Bishops required that every archbishop and bishop should have at his home "a copy of the Holy Bible as lately published," and that it should be kept in the hall or dining room, that it might "be useful to servants or strangers." But the best thing that could be said about the Bishops' Bible is that it served to pave the way for the King James Version.

Immediately upon the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1603, King James came to the English throne, having reigned for some time in Scotland as James Sixth. His progress from Edinburgh to London, to be crowned, was retarded, or at least interrupted, by groups of men appointed to wait upon him to learn his royal pleasure on this subject and on that; one of the groups sought immediate changes in the Prayer Book. The Puritans thought that, having been brought up among Scotch Presbyterians, a dour lot, he would be glad to introduce what they considered as much-needed reforms in the ritual of the Church. Roman Catholics, on the other hand, hoped that the new King would, with increase of responsibility, see the error of his ways and come out strongly for the true Church, the Church as it was before the schism. As between the Calvinists on the one side and the Romanists on the other, James thought it expedient to identify himself rather with the Church of England party, but to hear the grievances of the Puritans. Scenting a violent theological discussion, which he loved as other kings loved vice, he called a conference at Hampton Court soon after his accession, to discuss the Prayer Book, he himself acting as Moderator.

As a result of this conference, a few unimportant changes were made in the Book of Common Prayer, but the meeting gave the King, as he said, an opportunity to "pepper *(Continued on page 59)*

Right, visiting American High School students being initiated into the rites of the Argentine barbecue, "Asado Criollo" near Buenos Aires. Above, left, Independence monument, Buenos Aires. Above, right, First Baptist Church, San Juan, Porto Rico

SOUTHWARD - - the

A story of the great countries to the south of us, who should become iucreasingly our neighbors

By HARRY CHAPIN PLUMMER

Photos pages 24, 25, 26, courtesy Baptist and M. E. Missionary Boards, International T. & T. Co., and Dominican Chamber of Commerce

WHEN Bishop Berkely uttered that dramatic slogan which later sent the youth of our young country westward, there stood in their path only rivers, mountains and roving bands of Indians. That course of Empire was hewn out of blood, starvation and courage but when our early pioneers reached the Pacific Ocean the course of Empire was achieved. Whatever may be the aspirations of such countries as Italy, Japan and Germany today toward building greater Empires, no citizen or statesman of our country desires for any purpose the possessions of any other nation on earth. In fact when events have put into our grasp such great areas as Cuba and the Philippines we have handled them like a hot potato—only too glad to let go.

And yet we as a nation are not content to rest; we still have a course of Empire as clearly defined, as natural as our original expansion to the West. Conquest, blood and starvation have no place in *this* expansion program, but rather understanding, tolerance, honesty and friendliness. We must win not lands, but friends—friends who will trust us, friends who will be as anxious to understand us as we are to understand them, particularly friends who desire our friendship not because we will help them achieve some course of Empire—but because friendship itself is a glorious relationship. With Europe in chaos, with the Orient engaged in an exhausting war, with most of the nations of the Eastern Hemisphere so occupied with their own aspirations and defenses where shall we seek such friendships? The answer lies in the countries to the South.

For many thousands of miles southward of the United States there extends a domain of nineteen independent republics whose people with one exception speak a single tongue. They are lands of varying extent, ranging from El Salvador with an area of 13,173 square miles, to Argentina, with 1,078,278 square miles. Mightier than any of these is the United States of Brazil, (speaking Portuguese,) with 3,285,-319 square miles, which almost equals the combined area of the United States, France, Great Britain and Ireland.

As our North American nation was colonized largely by Anglo-Saxons, so those southern lands, all of prodigious natural wealth and many of climatic advantages rivaling California and Florida, derived their basic settler stock from the original Spanish Conquistadores. Now many of the European nations have large and permanent resident colonies.

Very far from balancing this sway of European influence there are nevertheless numbers of North Americans engaged in various pursuits in the southern republics. United States capital and United States engineers have built railways, motor highway systems, tunneled mountains, girdled whole Andean ranges with telephone lines, bridged rivers and canyons, provided Buenos Aires, with a subway system vieing with those of New York, and London, developed petroleum and copper, gold, silver and platinum deposits and rubber, cacao and tobacco plantations and in three of the more southerly cities have established huge subsidiary stockyards and packing plants for the Chicago and Kansas City industry. Giant air-transport clipper planes, U. S. built and manned, traverse the skies from Miami and span the Andes and trace the Pacific seaboard from Chile northward to Panamá. U. S. owned steamship lines maintain regular schedules of swift and palatial liners to all the principal ports of the Caribbean, the Atlantic and the Pacific. An all-too-recent development this latter, for it was not so long ago that United States citizens voyaging to the larger southern centers had to rely upon British, Canadian, German and French ships. Still there is wanting that most vital of North American contribution to the life, the rapidly advancing civilization and the economic and cultural destinies of those lands—North Americans themselves. Our numbers in that part of the world are insignificant in comparison to those of the European nations who lack many of the advantages we naturally possess for spiritual, moral and material friendship.

John D. Rockefeller, in the February issue of *Christian Herald*, wrote: "What a different world this would be if we could but learn to judge only in the clear light of knowledge and not in the mist of ignorance and prejudice! But to know and understand people, especially those of other races and nations, one must have a

course of Empire

knowledge of their culture, background and environment. Habits of thinking and living that seem normal and natural to one, often appear strange to a person of other traditions and upbringing. A sympathetic heart and an understanding mind go far toward insuring right interpretations and friendly judgments."

What are the first steps toward gaining these "right interpretations and friendly judgments?"

Two essentials for these United States in the Spanish Americas and Brazil today are, first, a knowledge of Spanish—a language too often neglected by our school system—should be a required subject in every high school. Secondly a greater, a very much greater, influx of our citizens, of both sexes, of the type best described by the generic term "middle class"—*bourgeois* they would be called in Europe. Boys and girls of the later high school ages and young men and young women entering upon their freshman year in college. One school year spent in any one of the major cities of the southern republics by an American youth, or group of youths, would prove to be a distinct contribution to inter-American relations and one that would be doubled or trebled if the migration were made reciprocal. As it is, the balance is already in favor of the great numbers of Spanish-American and Brazilian youths at the United States seats of learning. What it would do for the youths themselves, is something that can only be suggested by the success achieved by the pioneers who trekked westward to California and the prairies in the days of the schooner caravans. The young migrant to the Southland would stake no claims nor wash gold on a river bank. The southward course of empire today, unlike the westward course of almost a century ago, is not to be expressed in terms of placer mining or winnowing grain or thundering cattle herds. Its rewards are of an altogether different character, are infinitely more subtle—but the final result is sure to be the same. I believe it is bound to be vastly superior and its larger political and social significances to be limitless for our people. Every boy or girl devoting that single year to a widening of his or her knowledge of South America or Mexico and its people would open up opportunities for friendship beginning from the moment the ship weighs anchor. He or she will travel in comfort and will live and study in comfort while abroad—if anything the sole danger exists in a "softening" process resulting from the standards of luxury attained in the more populous Southern American cities.

The benefits to be derived are by no means confined to student elements. Young people entering upon a business career and even the offspring of farmer and ranchman may advance their prospects by a year spent in those countries which have agriculture as the basis of their economic existence. Each of such lands has something to teach our agrarian folk; too, each has something to learn from them.

At top, left, Inca Lake, Chile, 1200 meters below the summit of the Andes, where the transandean underground telephone cable crosses the international frontier. Below, left, scene on an Argentine ranch. The fierce-looking rancheros are the mildest and most peaceable of men. Right, the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Buenos Aires

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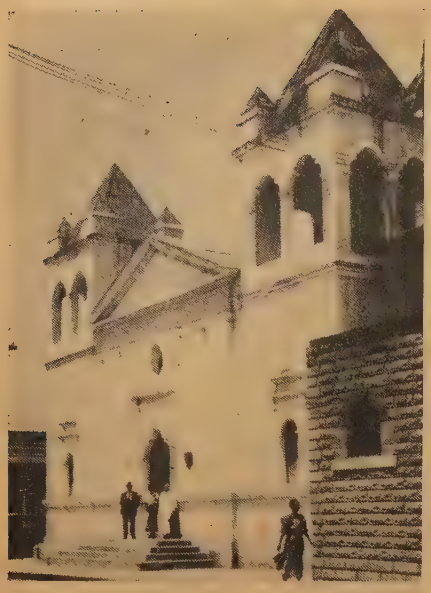
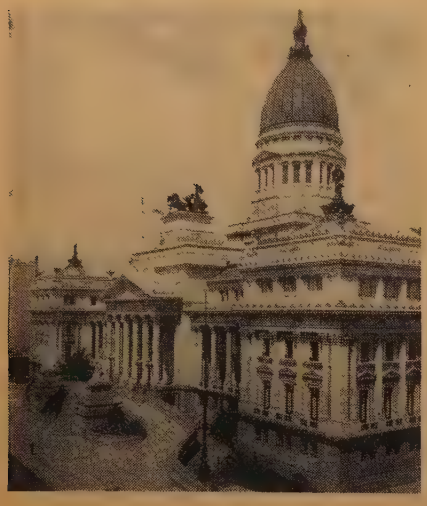
For one thing—and psychologically this is of paramount importance—North Americans who go to one of the South-American republics for a stay of long or short duration avail themselves of a veritable birthright which proceeds from their status as neighbors. We are just as much neighbors in Montevideo or Santiago-de-Chile as in Havana or in the Mexican frontier communities within hailing distance of Texas. Except in Brazil, once the barrier of language is crossed, fundamentally the same Spanish that serves for buying leather curios at the other end of El Paso's International Bridge serves equally for ordering a meal at Córdoba, half way across the Argentine from Buenos Aires to the Andes or gleaning the shadowy history of an Inca Temple ruin at Cuzco, Peru's one-time capital, or for arguing with a "traffic cop" on the Plaza Bolivar at Caracas—in the latter case the





Directly above, the beautiful Congressional Building, Buenos Aires. At top, Baptist Church, Ponce, Porto Rico. Center, the Intertional Hospital, Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic. Below that, typical South American Indian woman, and, in third column, the new First M. E. Church, Santiago de Chile

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"ticket" will be the net result, regardless of the quality of the Spanish or how politely spoken it may be.

Scarcely of secondary importance, All of the peoples of the vast Spanish-American area, as likewise those of Brazil, in the light of the World War, of the crumbling of the political structures of Continental Europe, and the current Japanese invasion of China, have come to realize that the Monroe Doctrine, once the object of their suspicion and distrust, has proved to be the guarantee of their peace and security. Even before the recent epoch-making visit of the President of the United States and the Secretary of State to Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro, the turn in the tide of public sentiment in favor of the United States had set in. "Upholding the Monroe Doctrine" has become a stock phrase for these many years. That the United States government has fulfilled the obligation to which it was committed by James Monroe's declaration of policy no one can deny. And, although a derisive finger has more than once been pointed at the instrument by legislators and political leaders of the southern nations it directly benefits, their governments have abided by its precepts. All of them, governments and peoples, in the light of recent events across both the Atlantic and the Pacific, are now satisfied that theirs has been the gain.

Surely it was in the role both of protector and friendly neighbor that with our new republic behind him virtually as one man, Monroe voiced these sentiments:

"With the movements of this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately connected by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened impartial observers. The political system of the allied (European) powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. And to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure and matured by their most enlightened citizens and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition, for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

Indeed, the whole structure of inter-American relations is premised, in one phase or another, upon the larger protective aspects of the Monroe Doctrine. Upon it are predicated the splendid work and attainments of the Pan-American Union, which, centered at Washington, has as its governing board the Secretary of State of the United States and the ambassadors and envoys of the South American republics accredited to our capital.

It was, therefore in the spirit of this nation's obligation under the Monroe Doctrine that President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull paid their memorable visits of two years ago to the three major East Coast capitals of South America, as did President Hoover, in the preceding Administration.

Although many thousands of our compatriots are permanently resident in the major centers of the southern continent and in those of the nearer republics, and although many thousands more are to be counted in the transient movements of the tourists and travelers, only those who remain in one locality for a reasonable length of time can hope to sound the definite psychology of the nationals of those countries and so develop the best mutual "good neighbor" contacts. Our real objectives in that respect have yet to be realized by the systematic migration of missionary and college youth. These should enter institutions in one or more of the centers of learning of those countries for a period of one, possibly two years. An even better method would be the sending of such missionary or university groups under the auspices and direct supervision of our larger national movements.

The greater the number of scholars migrating at one time, the greater would be the measure of security of the individual youth against moral pitfalls or of academic failure, since each would act as a check upon the other by the development of a spirit of competition. Groups of appreciable size could employ the most experienced and competent preceptors and chaperons and have the benefit of an intensive study of the Spanish language en route or of Portugese if a Brazilian city were to be the *(Continued on page 50)*

We know but One God

By Dorothy Thompson

The Swastika is a pagan symbol; the Cross is preeminently the symbol of Christianity. Is the world witnessing a struggle between those two?

CHANCELLOR Schuschnigg's speech was heroic. With it he certainly risked his career, and possibly, and eventually, his life. During the whole history of the Nazi revolution in Germany, not one individual in high office dared to take the stand that the Austrian Chancellor did on Thursday, February 24.

In the wave of "coordination" that swept over Germany in 1933, the heads of German states, the German bureaucracy, the German courts, the German press, were swept along as though by a mountain torrent. Socialists and democrats, capital and labor, science and art—all, all capitulated. Only at the doors of the Christian churches, Protestant and Catholic, was the wave opposed.

Only from a few Christian pulpits have come daring voices. The voice of His Eminence, Cardinal Faulhaber, of Munich. The voice of the Protestant pastor, Martin Niemoeller, of Berlin, now on trial before the Nazi courts.

And these voices were backed up three months ago by a most amazing document—the manifesto to Hitler of the chaplains of the German army, in which the Leader of the Reich was warned that his fight against Christianity was demoralizing the army, and dividing the German people from one end of the country to the other.

That document never appeared, of course, in Germany. But it was made available to the world by the German army, and the full text of it appeared in the *New York Times*. Curiously little attention was paid to it. But it was remarkable.

Now a dramatic struggle is going on in the Germanic world. The struggle is no longer as between democracy and dictatorship; as between the one-party and the many-party state; no longer is it an issue whether or not Germany will have equality in Europe—the rest of Europe must ask whether Germany is to have dominance and control, not equality.

The issue in the Germanic world, precipitated by the events in Austria, is not even, in the first line, the issue of Austrian independence. It is whether the Germanic world is to be Christian or pagan, whether the Church of Christ in Germany is to be a universal church, open to all men, and representing universal principles, or whether it is to be a mere instrument of German racialism.

It is not a small issue, but a fundamental one. For allied with it are all the fundamental questions: Is government to be based on law, or to be purely arbitrary? Is citizenship to be based on race, or on willingness to collaborate for the national welfare? Is justice to be "anything which serves Germany," or is it to take account of principles which have been written into western law for hundreds of years? Is the state to be the final moral arbiter, or not? Is the human being to be classed and categorized and treated by the State, according to the blood in his veins, or is he to be judged by his individual, personal behavior? Is Man a human soul, or is he a creature damned and determined by his chromosomes? Is the German spirit to be one of Conquest, or of Reconciliation?

All photos © Wide World

CHANCELLOR SCHUSCHNIGG

Schuschnigg, a German, speaking in Vienna, a German city, a city which ruled the Germanic world for a thousand years—the capital of the First Reich, of the Holy Roman Empire, says: Germany must be Christian.

Those were not his words on Thursday, but that is the basic implication of the fight for Austrian Independence.

"An abyss separates Austria from Nazism." I quote again the words of Schuschnigg, not on Thursday, but stated early last month. "We know but one God. And that is not the State, or the Nation, or Race."

It is for that conception that Austria is fighting today. Fighting without weapons—what are the arms of six millions against sixty millions? Fighting without allies. That is what the world says. Fighting with wooden swords.

I remember that Hitler, whose sword in 1923, was of very rickety wood said, "If a people but desire Freedom, weapons will grow in their hands."

Austria's ally today is the conscience of the world. But perhaps it has gone permanently to sleep. If it has—what does her victory or her defeat matter?

Curiously, the struggle will determine, one way or another, the immediate fate of several million men and women of Jewish blood, in Austria and the surrounding states. The issue whether Germany is Christian or pagan will decide the fate of the Nuremberg Laws. Austria has no such laws, and as long as it is governed by Christian principles it cannot have them. The Christian philosophy, Catholic or Protestant, does not admit that the State can condemn a race irremediably to hell.

The Nazi program for Austria is clear. First, one disarms the country in its struggle for public opinion. (How much the Germans have learned from the allies in the last war!) Pivotal places in the government are already in the hands of Nazis. The press of Austria must not be allowed to attack Nazism. The German press is under no such *(Continued on page 43)*

At the Express *office, she went to Peter and asked, "Need a reporter?"*

In the preceding installments of this story we have met Terry Maxwell, reporter, trying to find out what is the crooked scheme behind the building of a skyscraper church; Julie Brant, girl reporter, in love with Terry, but afraid she is losing him to Natalie Worthington, daughter of a wealthy man who poses as a philanthropist; Peter Graham, working for a struggling "reformer" paper; and Briggs Burns, attorney for Worthington. Coming home from a visit in the country, Julie and Terry find that a bridge has gone out during the heavy storm which is raging, and accompany a boatman to the rescue of the marooned people. Natalie's cowardice and selfishness on that occasion open Terry's eyes. Meanwhile, back in the city, Terry gets conclusive evidence that the real estate company has schemed to defraud the Tabernacle Church by means of a clever contract; and, more, that Basil Worthington, the hypocrite, is the leading stockholder in that company. With all his evidence ready, he takes the story to his managing editor. But that gentleman refuses to run the story. Angry, Terry resigns his job, and offers his expose to the *Express*, gratis, and they gladly accept. Terry wanders around, much disturbed. Now finish the story:

White Horses

By Helen Welshimer

[CONCLUSION]

ON THE street Terry discovered that he was tired. He was lonely, too. He would go to a news reel. The news reel didn't help. He couldn't concentrate on the pictures. Suddenly he discovered why. A girl's face with dark, hurt eyes that were troubled under chestnut curls, kept getting in the way of the polo ponies, the marching soldiers and the western irrigation projects. Julie. . . Sitting in the darkened picture house he reflected that he had been thinking of her a lot lately, ever since that night when the river had overflowed its banks and they had gone on a rescue mission together. He hadn't seen much of her lately. But he could depend on her! He might not see her for a long time, if he got a job as an out-of-town correspondent, or went off to cover something in Europe or the Far East. He would miss her—and *how* he would miss her!

He did not think once of Natalie. She was gone as completely as though she had not come across his path with her shining golden hair and her silken voice. He wanted to see Julie.

He got up, left the theater, went to the pay telephone in the corridor and dropped in a nickel. When he heard her warm, husky tones, he relaxed. He had been afraid that she wouldn't be there . . . afraid that he would have to wait until morning to see her. That was crazy. He had seen her every day, and never felt afraid that she wouldn't show up the next morning.

"Terry?" she said, and then in a tone that shared relief with gladness. "I'm so glad it's you!"

"May I come down—now, at once? I have to see you!"

"Of course—I mean you can't. Peter's been trying to get you. Something's gone wrong at the *Express* and they want you in a hurry. Nearly everybody's walked out because of back salaries. Maybe they can't publish tomorrow—"

"Can't publish?" That meant one thing only. The *Express* was out. Driven to the wall. What advertising it had would be lost if circulation was broken. That was the legal rule. His story would never get published. Nor would other stories that the *Express* was slowly, but steadily, unearthing. Crusading—riding a white horse—Mr. Bradfield had said something goofy about being run down if you didn't get off willingly. . . . All his fighting blood came back.

"Julie, I want to tell you something important, but most of it can wait 'till tomorrow. I'll give you a starter, though. I love you!"

Then he hung up, grabbed a taxicab, and told the driver to break the speed laws on his way to the *Express*.

"You'll get the law on you," the driver insisted.

"Not this time," Terry answered. "I've got a *Star* police card." He produced it as the cab swung around corners. He jumped out at the entrance to the *Express*, tore his card in four pieces and scattered them to the wind.

"Last time I'll need that," he said, as he turned into the building. "I'm a volunteer member of the *Express* tonight. There's going to be a paper, if I can help make one!"

A little group of men, in conference at the front of the editorial room, hailed him joyfully. This was life. A paper to get out, a story to write—and Julie somewhere. . . .

"We're going to make a stab of it but we haven't a chance," someone was saying. "It's humanly impossible."

Maybe it was. . . .

The *Express* had been notified that it could not hold its staff without keeping up its salaries, and members who were united in a guild had reported that they could not come to work under prevailing conditions.

The mechanical department, reduced to the minimum now, would function, for salaries had not been in arrears. It had been necessary to keep them up.

The presses would roll. The paper could be published—but there must be something to publish. Therefore, Peter and the few who stood with him in defying orders, were attempting to start copy. It would take all night and the next

morning, working consistently, if they would bring out the paper on schedule. After that. . . .

If the man who was contemplating buying the paper with such serious forethought that his intention was almost an established certainty, should follow through, the paper could weather the storm. If he, too, became discouraged, then the last gallant effort might be a ridiculous drop in the bucket.

Terry, welcomed enthusiastically, took off his overcoat and his suit coat, and rolled up his sleeves.

"What do I do?" he asked.

"Your story, the expose," Mac told him. "We'll have a two-column layout of that contract made—thank the stars you had a photostat prepared—and that yarn should sell papers. That will keep you busy, Maxwell." He turned to the few remaining people. All the routine would be handled at once, in so far as possible. There would be wire stories coming to fill space and provide headlines. The police blotter would have some more contributions. Oh yes, there would be material for a paper but it was necessary for the skeleton staff to work fast to prepare it on time.

The room became quiet. Telephones rang occasionally and whoever was nearest took the message. There was a lull in activity, after while. Nothing could be done until the latest wire flashes, which would mean a speeding up of work in a frantic effort to bring the *Express* to date on every event.

It was starting to rain. Through the wide windows Terry saw the glistening black pavements, and the street lights, misty red and green bulbs, that swam in the mist. From near by the foghorns began their melchancholy call. The people in the office were quiet, tense, waiting.

Quite plainly Terry saw what Basil Worthington's step would be. He would issue a statement that the real estate company was responsible for the taxes, if worst came to worst. He would deny that he had had any intention of evading responsibility. Such a statement might make the *Express* look foolish. Few people would realize that Basil Worthington's hand had been forced. Yet, if the story were dropped, the Worthington interests might go ahead as they originally had planned. The whole investigation would have been in vain. Terry knew that he must publish what he had found and proved, and take the risk.

Unless. . . .

He telephoned to Dr. Jackson, minister of the church with the skyscraper dream. To him, the newspaper writer told the whole story. Then he suggested that the church corporation challenge the contract. Thus, the *Express* could publish the material it had unearthed. It could use the financier's name, and his part in the transaction. The skilfully drawn contract that might have forced a church into bankruptcy would be revealed, and tell its own story. The Worthington interests would be compelled to take a different viewpoint when the church with which it was dealing made complaint, from that which it would take toward a newspaper.

Dr. Jackson grasped the point quickly. He, too, had been worrying, since his talk with Terry, lest the site of the church might be lost, and the congregation become tenants of a corporation. To some of his board members he had voiced his fear. They had promised to investigate. A few had laughed. A few had been worried. Now he promised to get on the phone quickly and line them up.

He opened a door and drew her into a hallway. "Julie, ever since last night I have been trying to ask you to marry me. Will you?"

Illustrator **LAWRENCE DRESSER**

For hundreds of miles the network of telephone wires runs crisscross through Manhattan, the Bronx, Queens, Long Island, Brooklyn, and the nearby towns, too small to mention. For hours the telephones rang in the houses of the board members. A meeting was called for ten o'clock the next morning. It would give the *Express* time to break its story, if the members approved.

Finally, with nothing to do for a few hours, Terry put on his heavy overcoat and left the office. He would grab an hour or two of sleep. He thought of Mr. Bradfield's remark about the white horse that every young crusader rode. Poor old Brad—he had bounced down from his white horse to take a lucrative berth on a good paper. He was getting a thick jowl and a lot of girth. He wasn't fighting enough to keep in trim . . . Thank the Lord—and he didn't mean it lightly—he,

Terry had found himself in time. Life was a battle, a good fight. It could be fun, if you weren't afraid, and there was someone for whom to fight. . . .

Julie—all evening he had kept her in the back of his mind. Tomorrow he would see her. . . .

Julie had turned away from the telephone, eyes shining darkly, when Terry hung up. Martha was reading and did not notice. Julie was glad that she did not need to answer questions. Over and over, she repeated Terry's words; then she put them safely in a pocket of her mind, and went to sleep.

Still walking to their music the next morning, she went to the office. It was raining and dark but everywhere bugles sounded and drums played. She bought a cluster of Poinsettias for the jacket of her warmly lined Dubonnet suit. The hurried breakfast at the steaming drug-store counter was an event. Somewhere, in the city, Terry was thinking of her. . . .

The city editor summoned her to his desk. "Julie, go into the morgue and look up the clips on Natalie Worthington. Remember her? The blonde dame that wrote some club notices awhile back? The Worthington's daughter."

"Yes, I remember her. What do you want me to do about her?"

"Do a feature. We'll run it with a layout. Get her hobbies, her interests, her schools. You know the line."

"Yes, I know the line. But what's the girl done? Marrying a cousin of the Georgian princes, or making a non-stop flight to Nanking, or—"

"Never mind. Go on, write your story."

The story was not difficult. It was a rehash of other stories, briefer and less comprehensive. Julie spied a layout of pictures on the feature editor's desk, and stopped to look at it. Natalie's poised, laughing beauty shone from each photograph. She was alone in one, standing near the gate of her father's summer home. An enlarged head appeared in another. And in the third, a tall young man with keen eyes and a stubborn chin was with her, watching a parade or something. The man was Terry.

"But Terry has left the paper!" Julie told the feature editor, in bewilderment. "Anyway, we never use the pictures of staff members in a feature!"

"There's a little difference," he answered.

Julie's copy was ready to turn in. She placed it on the feature editor's desk and went downstairs, across the street, to the telephone in the Coffee Pot. She called Peter.

"Peter, why would the *Star* be using Terry's picture with Natalie Worthington, in a layout featuring the girl this morning?"

"Plenty of reason, Julie! To kill our story by discrediting it."

"What story, Peter? The church building project?"

"If you weren't on the opposition paper I could tell you, Julie. Don't ask me any questions."

"Peter! You won't trust me?" Then, more slowly: "But of course you shouldn't."

Peter's words were swift and sympathizing. "That isn't it, Julie. But your loyalty is pledged there and it isn't fair to burden you with this knowledge. We'll make out. Want to say hello to Terry?"

"Not now, Peter." It would be anti-climax to talk to Terry now. When he was ready, he would take up last night's conversation where he had dropped it. He had said, "I love you, Julie. . . .

She left the booth and waited impatiently while the steady stream of cars and trucks went by, headlights shining because the rain had brought darkness with it in the middle of the morning. It seemed a never-ending time until the traffic light closed its red eye and came on in a duller green.

The *Star* story was clear enough to Julie now. She wondered why she had been so slow to comprehend. Basil Worthington's daughter would be shown with Terry in that picture. The fact that the candid camera shot was part of a layout in a story would give it a casual, unplanned appearance. When the *Express* story, exposing the church contract, appeared under Terry's by-line, there would be some who would regard it as grudge or spite expose. People were that way.

That a newspaper, big and fine and splendid in so many ways, would stoop to such petty folly, sent angry color into Julie's cheeks. Her eyes were dark, nearly black, in their perplexity, and rain glittered on her rust-colored hair as she went into the office. She was thinking of Basil Worthington and the beginning of his influence. At the door she glanced quickly towards the desk of the picture editor. He was sitting in front of it. The pictures were spread out. Now he was sweeping them up, starting to the engraving room.

With a hysterical little laugh she realized that she had been planning to confiscate the picture which showed Terry with Natalie, and in the same instant realized that she could not have done that. That was idiotic! Wasn't she Julie Brent, the girl Terry loved? Hadn't he told her so? Terry would just laugh at that picture—and she was going to laugh, too!

But she wasn't laughing as she slipped a fresh piece of yellow copy paper under the rubber roller of her typewriter. Her lips were caught between her teeth and a line drew her wide brow taut over her eyes. She wrote a one-line resignation. Then she signed her name in the flowing hand that had rolled up and down so many pages of notes. Quietly she placed the resignation on the managing editor's desk.

Mr. Bradfield smiled wearily. "Take the day to think it over, Julie. You're upset but you'll be calmer tomorrow." He tore the yellow paper into shreds and tossed it into the waste-paper basket.

Julie spoke impulsively. "Mr. Bradfield, why did they let Basil Worthington buy stock in the paper? The *Star's* a grand place to work, only now—now. . ." She winked back the tears with quickly batted eyes, and hurried away. She did not wait to empty her desk. She would return for her desk things and books and files later. She grabbed her hat, jacket and gloves from her locker, and a minute later was on the street.

It was a block to the subway, and a ten minute ride to the *Express* offices. It was warm and sticky on the subterranean platform, and when the train came it was crowded. Holding to a strap, swaying with other swaying people, Julie suddenly wondered how many of these people knew that a church and a real estate company had entered into an agreement to put up a skyscraper building, or how many of them would care if they did. Many of them were reading morning papers, but government and international news held their interest. Yet, when these people, most of whom hadn't seen the inside of a church, probably for years, learned that one was being wronged, they would rise up to defend it, Julie told herself.

In some intangible way the Church shed its beneficent power over the lives of everyone. A man might never turn into its doors—but he wanted to know it was there; that it was being given its due measure of regard. It was his link with immortality. He would skip the Church News until the Church was in danger. . . . The train was slowing up for Julie's stop.

She walked a block up the street and turned to the right. At the *Express* she hunted out Peter.

"Need a reporter?" she asked him.

"Do we? Half a dozen of them," he answered, his kind, homely face breaking into a crooked smile. "But we haven't anything much on which to write checks. Awful drawback. And maybe this is our last day."

"Then put me to work, Peter." She tossed her hat on a chair, and looked around the room. A few people were pounding typewriters. One or two were busy on the telephone. The tubes that went to the linotype room were stuffed with wire service copy. Coats were off. There was a sense of danger in the air.

"Give thanks for the AP and the UP," Peter said, as he took a sheath of copy from the news basket.

"And the feature services," Julie added. "Want me to dig up some fillers?"

Terry came in, just then. He waved and crossed the room. Quickly. He smiled at Julie, and made a bantering remark, but his attention focused instantly on Peter and the managing editor who came up. This was right, it was the way it should be, *(Continued on page 46)*

EASTER LILY

An Easter lily's beauty hurts,
It is so pure, serene;
It lifts itself in graciousness
A chaste and fragrant queen.

The texture of its chalice,
Its velvet spikes of gold,
Express the storied richness
That the joys of Easter hold.

There's a quality about it
No other can afford
Because its regal splendor sees
The rising of the Lord.

—Solveig Paulson

★ ★ ★

THIS IS THE LIVING ROOM OF THE LITTLE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET FROM HEARTHSTONE WHERE SEARLE AND MRS. SEARLE LIVE; A PICTURE OF THE COMFORT OF A WORKING-MAN'S HOME

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré Morrow

Hands Across the Sea

EARLY in November, the telephone rang one morning just as I had settled to work. It was the American Consul, Mr. Winslow, calling from Plymouth. He said that a Thanksgiving dinner was being arranged in Plymouth for all the Americans living in this part of England. Would Penn and I attend and would I make a twenty minute talk on the toast "To Anglo-American Friendship." I agreed that we'd come and, with a groan, that I would speak. A party is always ruined for me if I have to make a speech.

When I told Penn, she was a little glum. This year Thanksgiving fell on her birthday. Also on Thanksgiving morning, she was due to have a very stiff Latin examination and also, she reminded me, she usually had a headache after such an ordeal. This didn't sound propitious, but as Penn is usually in at the finish—if one lets her get through all her protests—I didn't doubt that we'd attend the dinner together.

November opened as a particularly cold and foggy month here, and as this is the foggiest part of the year anyhow, I think I've never seen England quite so grey and dreary. But this could be taken only as a good excuse for having more and hotter fires in the house and more and hotter cups of tea and longer hours with book and dog before the hearth.

And thus I was carrying on when there came another and more urgent call on the telephone; this time from Bristol, a night cable from America. I braced myself. It was from New Haven. My beloved brother-in-law, Manley Chester, had suddenly gone on into that bourne from which no traveler returns.

One of the solaces of middle-age is that one acquires a certain stern facility in the technique of grief. I sat shivering for five minutes, listening to the rain. Then I cabled my sister, and went upstairs to tell Penn. It was near midnight in Devon, about seven o'clock in the evening in New Haven. For fifteen dollars we could talk to them on the telephone for three minutes. No! We must not put them to that added stress. Should we go to them at once? No! Not now. Later on, some months from now, they'd need us more. For us at the moment it is only to pray and to think and to write futile letters and speak to each other of this fine man.

He was in the full tide of his powers; no, not *was!* He *is* in the full tide! And those powers are of the stuff that built the best of America. He was a direct descendant of Elder William Brewster, the leader of the Pilgrim Fathers. The strain which made Brewster what he was must have been of extreme vitality, for after more than three hundred years, it appeared in undiminished strength, in my brother-in-law. I refer to a peculiar quality of leadership. Mr. Chester was a business executive and very successful, but he was a Puritan of the Puritans, upright, forthright, with that acute sense of obligation to serve his community which is the hallmark of the best type of American business man. It is this sense of service which more and more is influencing Americans to conclude that making a successful business is not an end in itself but a means to an end. More and more one observes men like my brother-in-law who pause in the money making process while they are at the peak of their powers and offer those powers to the use of their communities.

This is what my brother-in-law did and he had much to offer. For besides his keen business sense, he had also a true understanding of charity and an altruism that knew no geographical borders. And he had all his life the priceless heritage of Brewster's conviction that God is a living, loving reality on whom a man can lean.

In our family, we trusted his wisdom and his kindness. We all imposed on his generosity. But he liked to have it so, for he was a born patriarch—William Brewster's son.

(Continued on page 55)

The house was filled with easy chat and lilting laughter of the young people, but a cloud of apprehension hung over Hester and she could take no joy in it

CANDLELIGHT

By BEULAH CHARMLEY
Illustrator CHARLES ZINGARO

HESTER ATWOOD was showing Jed, the drayman, into the apartment she had rented out, and she was as curious as a kitten with a catnip mouse.

"Where shall I put this stove?" The fat man toiled up the stairs.

Hester led the way into the newly remodeled kitchen. "The gas is piped in on that wall."

"I thought you'd rented to newlyweds until I saw this bed." Jed chuckled, wiping the perspiration from his bald spot.

Hester was startled at the old four-poster with its peeling paint.

"There's one more piece," grunted Jed, starting back toward the truck.

Only three pieces of furniture! Hester's curiosity turned to amazement, as she began to suspect what her young sailors had sacrificed to pay the rather high rent she had to charge, to clear her remodeling debt on the green-shuttered house. The Browns had mentioned cutting their furniture budget, but they must have practically eliminated it.

"I've seen lots of folks set up on a shoestring," guffawed Jed, unwrapping the brown paper from the wing chair, "but this beats all."

"It does look pretty bare," admitted Hester, lowering the shades so the autumn glare would make the apartment look less empty.

"Hump, I almost forgot these." Jed handed Hester a pair of candlesticks. "If we stretch the inventory a mite, we can call these Item Four." His red face grew redder as he went off into another fit of laughter.

Hester rubbed the old brass. "We used to have candles at home."

"Ya, candlelight." Jed's scoff grated across her reminiscences. "What could be more old-fashioned!"

Hester was glad when he was gone. How could she tell him what pictures the antique candlesticks had brought back: a little girl creeping, barefooted, up the stairs to just such a four-poster as this; her mother, hair touched with silver as Hester's was now, knitting mittens in a wing chair like that; Aunt Lorinda baking beans, not in a new-fangled gas stove, but against the forelog of the big fireplace?

The next day Hester went into Larpis' Furniture store. "I'd like to rent some used things." She had figured, and by going without a new winter coat, she could rent some things to tide her young couple over until they got on their feet.

"We can fix you up in no time." The pale young man ushered her into the freight elevator and they slowly ascended to the third floor storerooms. "Here's a nine-by-twelve rug," he was bustling about, "a davenport, and a floor lamp."

Hester tried to picture the things in Susan's and Jack's apartment. "No," she cried, "they won't do."

"Something new, perhaps," suggested the pale young salesman.

Hester remembered the display windows with their stock arrangements, and suddenly realized that even if she had the money, she couldn't bear to see pieces designed for any flat in her Colonial house. "No," she explained, "I'm looking for something that will fit in with a four-poster, a wing chair, and a pair of old brass candlesticks."

"I'm sorry," the pale young man's eyes flickered with amusement, "but we don't go in for the candle age."

Hester almost ran from the store and when she came within sight of her new home with the sunshine glinting on the white clapboards and warming the green shutters, she sighed with relief. It was as if she were escaping from some dark temptation.

But still she was cast down at the thought of Susan and Jack returning from their last cruise on the Great Lakes in another month—becoming land lubbers, as they called it—and coming to the first home they had ever had, to find it bare and uninviting. If Jack hadn't got hurt when the *Michigan* sank, the steamship company wouldn't have retired him so young and then the Browns could have afforded more things. But no, if he weren't being retired, they wouldn't be moving into her upper flat.

Hester always thought of them as just Susan and Jack. To her they were young, and so eager, so anxious for a home! But now that she knew what they were trying to do without, her heart ached as if they were her own children. Hester had been an old-maid stenographer all her life but she knew somehow the way a mother worries over her children.

Still, Hester wasn't one to sit and moan. "I might braid them a rug to put in front of their bed," she decided. "Bare feet get pretty cold on hardwood floors even in October." She got out her worsteds and began to rip and cut and braid.

The next morning when she stepped to the mail basket, there lay a square envelope with a ship's flag on the flap. With eager fingers Hester tore it open:

"Dear Miss Atwood:

Jack and I dock there in Bay City October second. As we won't get in until dark we planned to stay right here in our cabin on the *Chequamagon* until morning. But then we realized that that day will be our tenth wedding anniversary, so we determined to make it our home-coming. Just think what that will mean to two vagabonds like us!

Now, could you open our apartment that day? If it is aired, we can go right to housekeeping. You see, we've wandered from boat to boat so long, we can't wait a minute to settle down.

Love,

Susan Brown."

Any touch with the Browns made Hester see glinting gulls and hear surf breaking against uncharted shores. Winged adventure! But now she remembered the bare apartment, and tears burned her eyes. But she brushed them away impatiently. "You might at least see what you can do about that old bed, Hester Atwood," she scolded, shaking her finger at her reflection in the brass knocker.

Hester knew that there was no use to quibble longer. "I am the guilty one," she acknowledged, flushing

She worked for days scraping the scaling paint from the four-poster. When she finally got down to the wood she found it was maple. She gave it a coat of shellac and then waxed it until it glowed goldenly. Susan had left her hope chest with her, and Hester lifted from it a pair of linen sheets and pillow cases with S. L. B. embroidered on them in a diamond monogram. She put these on the refinished bed. Then she rifled her closet and found a blue basket quilt and a blue and white spread her father had woven when he was a young man.

She got an old chest of drawers down from the attic, and scraped and waxed again. Happily it was maple and matched the bed enchantingly. She picked up a remnant of blue chintz at a sale and made draperies. Then, as she laid the new braided rug in front of the bed, she concluded with satisfaction, "Now, this room looks real cosy."

When she took her laundry the next day she noticed a big gateleg table standing in the barn. "How much would you take for that?"

"You're welcome to it, if you can make any use of it," her washer-woman offered.

Hester swooped down on the old grey piece as if it were a diamond mine. "The leaves are warped. But I'll have Ted Channing press them, and refinish it. A flat iron has darkened it here. But it's black walnut and it will polish up beautifully."

Elmirey shook her head skeptically.

On the way home Hester saw a Boston rocker on a porch. Boldly she knocked. "You can have it for a dollar," sighed the little lady who opened the door. "I have a set of rush bottoms, too, I'd be glad to get a little something out of toward my tax money."

Hester sent the straight chairs to a blind couple who put new seats in them. Then she enameled them and the rocker a shining black. She planned more braided rugs, a big oval one for the living room, and smaller mats for the doorways. She sewed half the night.

During the day she hung Currier and Ives prints, polished old brass. She brought the mahogany tilt-top table from her own living room and placed it beside the wing chair. It had been in her family for several generations and she hated to part with it, but still, a tenth wedding anniversary present should be something choice.

When Ted Channing's son brought the refinished gateleg, she had him place it in the center of the dining room. Then she set the rush-bottom chairs around it. She had been possessed for days with the idea of having a real house-warming.

She had already invited the young couple from next door. Bud worked in the filling station on the corner and they didn't have many invitations to parties. Linda's home was in the East and her blue eyes looked lonesome. Hester had urged the little *(Continued on page 48)*

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

What Easter means to the Liquor Industry

GIFTS by Wire, Inc. Wine and Liquor Service, New York City," as of January 31st, circularized a list of "high-powered" executives. Accompanying the personal letter was the reprint of an article which "will appear in the April issue of *Esquire.*" We are informed that "a new consumer demand is being created which should have a vital effect on the liquor industry!" And that "whether it does is up to you." We are further advised that Father's Day is "a natural" for the liquor industry; that "through gifts by wire you can appropriate Father's Day and make it as lucrative as Mother's Day is to the florist."

A Fred Allen dramatization on a recent coast-to-coast broadcast is enclosed in the communication. The skit is accompanied by vivid reference to the Postal Telegraph's recent photo news poster showing Nino Martini using "our liquor-by-wire service." Fred Allen's dramatization is as follows:

Knock. Knock.
Voice: "Who's there?"
Answer: "I'm a messenger boy. I've got a telegram for you."
Voice: "All right, Buddy. I'll be right down."
Answer: "Better hurry, Mister. Your telegram's leaking!"

With this radio "gem" went the valuable free announcement that a company called "Liquor By Wire" has obtained the legal right, in twenty-eight states, to telegraph liquor gifts.

The article in the men's journal, which is enclosed in this amazing trade letter, gives all necessary details for using the service. It concludes as follows: "What a boom to business concerns in building up commercial good will! What a cinch for you when birthdays, anniversaries, etc., roll around! *N.B.* Easter is coming on apace. Now you can wire *flowers* to Mother and *fluid* to Dad!"

HAVING read all of this, I find myself slightly dazed. Is it possible that flanking the Cross at some Easter dawn service I shall eventually discover a neon sign calling upon the worshipers to take "a little of 'Three Onions' for their stomach's sake?" Verily, "whom the Gods would destroy" they first rob of a decent regard for the Holy things of others.

To this liquor industry, Easter is just one other "morning after" any other "night before."

The united campaign to suppress all liquor advertising has received a great impetus from the publicity excesses of liquor dealers. The administrator of the Federal Alcohol Administration of the Treasury Department, in his annual report to Congress, has recommended the passage of legislation to prohibit *all* liquor advertising over the radio. The Alcohol Administration has forbidden advertisements to the effect that "the consumption of alcoholic beverages will contribute to the mental or physical well-being of the consumer or that such beverages may be consumed without detrimental effects." Also, it is now unlawful to advertise that alcoholic beverages relax or soothe tired nerves, or that they do not affect efficiency.

The next step in the march toward a national solution of the liquor problem is to prohibit entirely on the radio, in newspapers, on billboards—through all publicity mediums everywhere—the advertising of alcoholic beverages.

Here is an opportunity for strategic unity on the part of all Drys.

DANIEL A. POLING

Colonel Raymond Robins

FROM his Florida home, Colonel Raymond Robins writes in typical fashion his endorsement of the editorial "Private Profit—Take It Out:"

"A genuine inspiration, sound in logic, instinct with immediacy, vital with the capacity for unity, competent for a *united first step* against the growing menace of the liquor traffic to the health, morals, safety and economic well-being of the people of these United States. *It was "profit" that repealed the 18th Amendment.* Liquor "profit," newspaper "profit," billboard "profit," political machine "profit," cafe, hotel and club "profit," houses of ill fame "profit," gambling hell "profit," confidence game "profit"—and not a few other PROFITS united to repeal the 18th Amendment. They all unite to maintain and extend the LIQUOR TRAFFIC."

Dr. Poling Answers a Question

Question: I am told that recently you repudiated your former stand on Prohibition, but reading your editorial "Private Profit—Take It Out" I conclude that this is not the case. Are you willing to state your personal position?

(signed) W.A.S., Connecticut

Answer: The editorial "Private Profit—Take It Out" justifies only one conclusion as to my personal attitude—the conclusion that I am trying to find out what people of all shades of opinion in the field of temperance think concerning "private profit." It is an editorial written to the point of strategy and nothing more. Deliberately, I refrained from stating my personal ultimate conviction. The temperance movement has too frequently been a debacle in leadership because of a failure in strategy.

Personally, I have not changed. I believe that the only ultimate solution of the liquor problem, for the individual and for the government, is total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the state and nation.

DANIEL A. POLING

SWING WIDE, YE PORTALS!

Swing wide, ye portals of the night
And let the quickening sun arise.
The shadowed earth is filled with light
And glory streams from eastern skies.

Swing wide, ye barriers of the tomb!
The King of love rides forth with power.
The offspring of the virgin womb
Has conquered death in this glad hour.

Swing wide, ye doors of fear and strife!
The Prince of Peace is on His way;
The powers of death give place to life:
The darkened night to cloudless day.

Swing wide, ye gates of Kingdom Come!
The rule of might is doomed to fall.
The Crucified has overcome;
The Risen Christ is Lord of all.

Swing wide, O heart and mind and will
And let thy Lord have royal sway!
His loving purposes fulfill—
This is the Resurrection Day!

William Hiram Foulkes

THE LIQUOR INTERESTS: "I'LL TAKE WHAT'S IN HIS POCKETS, AND YOU CAN HAVE THE REST"

Harvey S. Firestone

HARVEY S. FIRESTONE died in Florida February 7, 1938. Mr. Firestone was, for many years, actively interested in the Ohio Federation of Churches, and served as President of that organization for two terms, during 1922 and 1923. His wife, five sons, and a daughter are all members of St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Akron, Ohio. The five men are all actively engaged in the affairs of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, carrying on the policies and traditions established by their father.

We can think of no greater tribute to Mr. Firestone than the words of his own pastor, Rev. Walter F. Tunks.

"The high qualities of leadership that made Mr. Firestone one of the outstanding men of our day are familiar to all who know the story of the development of the rubber industry. His public-mindedness, his deep interest in all matters of civic and national welfare have left a record of high service of which any man could be proud. Not so much in brick and mortar, as in the fine qualities of character he built into the lives of men and women, is the story of his influence written. His is a living memorial—business associates stimulated to clearer thinking, competitors challenged to more active effort, friends strengthened by the faith he had in all of them.

"But I speak of Mr. Firestone this morning in the more intimate relationships of home and family where some of us were privileged to see a different kind of greatness than the public knew. It was here that he revealed a sweet simplicity, a tenderness of affection, a depth of devotion that made a visit to his home an unforgettable experience. Here one found that type of family life which is a survival of pioneer days—a kind of patriarchal home in which all the members of the family are bound together in strong bonds of mutual affection and loving comradeship. It was characteristic of Mr. Firestone that with him family always came first. Neither time nor distance nor the pressure of business ever prevented him from being with his children in the important events of their lives. He considered his family the real achievement of his life and it was there he found his greatest joy.

"Mr. Firestone was a deeply religious man. For over a quarter of a century he served on the Vestry of St. Paul's Parish and for the past seventeen years has been Senior Warden. It is refreshing to remember the example of this quiet God-fearing man with whom Sunday morning worship was a lifelong habit. He believed in prayers quite as much on Monday, and through the balance of the week, as he did in Sunday worship.

"Here indeed was the fundamental source of his strength—his belief in God, his faith in his fellow men. Mr. Firestone never doubted that this is a moral universe in which spiritual values are supreme. Confident as he was that in the long run right will ultimately prevail, he faced difficulty unafraid, taking long views on life, and continuing as Emerson has said, 'to believe what the centuries say as against the years and the hours.' Here was the source of his courage, and his unbounded faith in the future. Things may go wrong for a time but a universe where God rules, right will ultimately prevail. Believing that, even in troubled times, a man can look out on the world with calm confidence, knowing that when the tumult and the shouting have died away, truth will have its day.

"For such a valiant spirit there must be great work yet to be done in the mystery and joy of the life beyond. May God bless him, and may light perpetual shine upon him. And may the comfort which only God can give, flow out in abundance to his loved ones, turning their sorrow into joy. 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.'"

Dr. Daniel A. Poling may be heard at 3 P.M. Sundays over station WMCA, New York, (570 Kilocycles), and WIP, Philadelphia, (610 Kilocycles). The program lasts one-half hour, and includes music, a talk by Dr. Poling and questions and answers.

The Message of the Resurrection

AN EASTER SERMON

By HENRY HITT CRANE

TEXT, PHILIPPIANS 3:10, 11—THAT I MAY KNOW HIM, AND THE POWER OF HIS RESURRECTION . . . IF BY ANY MEANS I MIGHT ATTAIN TO THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

"THE Word became their flesh, they say. Now all is flesh! And can their flesh become the Word again?" This sentence is attributed to Kublai Khan, upon seeing his friend, Marco Polo, completely brutalized by love of money.

As a flash of lightning, illuminating the night, reveals undreamed of objects all about, so to me this brilliant line disclosed a whole new world of ideas— and singularly enough, a new and arresting significance of the resurrection somehow seemed to dawn upon my mind.

Easter, the gladdest and most triumphant season of all the Christian year, comes to us with many marvelous messages. No one of them should be neglected, for each of them is needed. One aspect of the Easter "good news," however, has come in for a more universal treatment than almost any other. For the most part we associate the Resurrection story with the idea of Immortality—the eternally interesting theme of life after death. This is altogether worth while. Certainly with all the subtle denials of this basic belief that are abroad today, we need all the assurance that is available to ground ourselves in the reality of this great Christian conviction. Whoever has come face to face with the direful experience of death wants a word with the ring of reality with reference to what lies ahead. And is there any note comparable to the Easter declaration, after all? "Because I live, ye too shall live!" This divine deliverance of the Master may not be sufficient to convince the skeptic, but it is infinitely consoling to him who is disposed to follow out the logic of the Christ life. Easter, the day when life and immortality were brought to light, must ever be remembered as such. This day Jesus broke the bonds of death! This day He rose triumphant o'er the grave!

But this is not the final note; this is by no means all there is to the Easter message. Nor is it the most important lesson to be learned. When Paul uttered the words we find in Philippians 3:10, he was obviously not thinking of immortality in the sense of continued existence after we have shuffled off this mortal coil. He was referring to something more immediate and close at hand. It was not an academic issue, but a matter of practical and pressing consequence. "Oh, that I may know Him," Paul cries, "and the power of His resurrection . . . if by any means I may attain unto the resurrection." Surely, the resurrection as he conceives it is not simply some shadowy thing of the next world; something that occurs when we die. Rather is it a real, vital issue of this world that a man may attain here and now.

In one of the most memorable conversations ever recorded in the New Testament, Jesus is seeking to press home to the uncomprehending mind of Martha this very truth. Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, is dead and entombed. Jesus comes to the sepulcher, and then with that oriental instinct for the dramatic as the best technique of teaching ever devised, He turns to Martha with that questioning statement, "Thy brother shall rise again." And Martha replies, "Yes, I know he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." (And this she says, mind you, without ever having had the example of Christ Himself dying and rising again!) Then Jesus says to her, "But Martha, I AM the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on Me, though he dies, yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth on Me shall never die." Jesus speaks here of real death, the death of the soul, the spirit, not of the mere cessation of the pulse and breath which He invariably called "sleeping." And in this connection we see the richest significance of the resurrection. Easter means not only that we awake from the last long sleep, but that we may be raised now out of spiritual death into life. Hence Easter is not so much a message to the dying body as to the dying soul; not simply a song of cheer for those declining into the valley of the shadow of physical death, but more a life-giving word to those slipping into the cold tomb of a crass materialism in which the spirit is suffocated.

And now to get back to that haunting word of Kublai's again: "The Word became their flesh, they say. Now all is flesh! And can their flesh become the Word again?" Somehow or other it

strikes me as though in that first and last sentence there is compressed the briefest life story of Jesus that I have ever read—and between the two statements the brief expression of what might have resulted had He yielded to the temptation that hounded Him, as it does all humans, to the day of His crucifixion—the temptation, namely, to live in the flesh, to let the flesh become an end in itself, instead of a means to an end.

Let me explain what I mean. The life story of Jesus is, in a deep sense, the beautiful symbol of the intended "life cycle"—to coin a phrase—of all vital forces. Nothing is complete, that is, until the idea, the Word, becomes flesh, something concrete, definite; and then, having gotten itself clearly expressed, the expression must not be allowed to become all-important, the idea must have a resurrection; thus the Word must assert its superiority and authority over the flesh, or its independence of it.

To elaborate. Here is the great, intangible, invisible, incomprehensible idea of God, let us say. Omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence—what does it all mean? I do not know. For me to comprehend it the idea, the Word, must become flesh. This transpires. Jesus is born. Now I understand. To see God, I look at Jesus; to know Him, I study His Son. But now the tendency is to "let all be flesh," as it were; that is, to keep this "expression" of God, localize It, institutionalize It, make It and end in Itself. Hence, there must be a resurrection, when the flesh becomes the Word again. Then the idea, still clearly grasped because it has been expressed, is, however, no longer localized, but is universalized; nor can it be institutionalized, or brutalized; it is rather vitalized and idealized.

The two most important days for all life, therefore, are Christmas—when the Word become flesh, and Easter—when the flesh becomes the Word again!

To the query of Kublai, then, the answer is, "Yes, if only He is known and the power of His resurrection!" And the power of His resurrection was simply in His capacity and determination to spiritualize all of life! He might have done otherwise. He might have yielded to the temptation to give Himself over to the bondage of materialism in any one of a number of ways. "Why don't you turn these stones into bread? Why don't you gratify your physical appetite at the expense of this vague, useless, idiotic, spiritual ideal?" That was one way that the temptation came to Jesus—and continually comes to all of us. And how did He overcome it? By the power of His resurrection—by His ability to rise above the realm of the flesh into the realm of the spirit. Listen to His reply to that temptation: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." You see, the flesh became the Word again. So it was with all the temptations—He overcame by the power of His resurrection! Jesus says unto us, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness!" *That* is to know Him and the power of His resurrection.

To be sure it is no easy thing to "achieve the resurrection." Indeed, in a very real sense it is becoming more difficult to do so every day. According to one J. George Frederick (quoted by Dr. Luccock): "Statisticians have calculated that one hundred years ago the average person had just about seventy-two wants, of which sixteen were necessities; whereas, the average person today has 484 wants, of which ninety-four are nowadays rated as necessities. Furthermore, one hundred years ago there were not more than 200 items urged upon the average man by the seller, whereas today there are something like 32,000. A home containing all the modern inventions and improvements available today would have a grand total of about one hundred separate mechanisms. The total number of items sold today, including different brands of one type of article, reaches the dizzy heights of approximately 365,000.

"A state of civilization such as this gives very especial point to the phrase of Emerson, "To be simple is to be great," for indeed, it requires a certain kind of greatness to be simple in days when complexity spins about one like a whirlpool drawing one toward a vortex of endless wants and mechanisms.

"Especially do young people need to be guided when they come upon this vast bazaar of brilliantly illuminated merchandise. They almost literally never spend a moment beyond the range of the electric signs, printed advertisements, and seductively arranged window displays of merchandise, of our 365,000 material things."

No wonder Easter has such a hold upon the world! It means more than any other day in the year—and somehow, by a strange instinct, there is a certain universal recognition of its significance, though just what it is the majority hardly know. "The power of His resurrections" is what they are after, even though they do not realize it.

In conclusion let me briefly point out how necessary the Easter principle is for the "life cycle" of everything. Here's Business, for example. As the human race emerged from the jungle the idea of socialization and cooperation was utterly vague and incomprehensible. But gradually the Word became flesh in what we call Business. In dealing with one another—trading, buying, selling—the idea became definite, understandable. We learned how to work together, live together. Then the same old temptation and tendency began to set in. Business became an end in itself. We began to go into business to see how much we could get out of it, not how well we could live and cooperate with our neighbors by means of it. "Then all became flesh." And the question of today is, "Can the flesh become the Word again?" Can the spirit of genuine cooperation be resurrected—freed from the bondage of materialism? What Business needs above all else is an Easter day message that it will take to heart—"if by any means it may attain unto the resurrection."

Or Marriage. The idea of love, vague, uncertain, indefinite, must have a Christmas day—when "the Word becomes flesh"—if it ever comes to its fulfillment. But more important still is its Easter—when "the flesh becomes the Word again." Thus is the marital relationship idealized, glorified, and the physical aspects are made beautiful because they are but passing expressions of spiritul reality.

Lastly, I would mention Patriotism as typical of many other ideas. Our forefathers, stirred and urged by an idea, unsubstantial, uncertain, set sail for a new land. Significantly enough when they reached these shores it was around Christmas time. "The Word became flesh." The colonies, lashed into loyalty toward one another, gave vivid, concrete expression to the idea of Patriotism. Then the temptation, that always comes, subtly began to make itself felt—the temptation to let it "remain flesh." Patrioteers, self-appointed mentors on Americanism, secret societies, and all sorts of satanic influence came into being consciously or unconsciously seeking to make the nation as it exists an end in itself, rather than the means to achieving a greater fulfillment of the ideas of freedom, justice and righteousness that brought this country of ours into being. What now is needed above all else is the Easter word—the completion of the Christmas message.

"Can the flesh become the Word again?" The answer is, "YES!—if by any means we can attain unto the resurrection."

DAILY MEDITATIONS
For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS

April, 1938

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

FRIDAY, APRIL 1

A MISSIONARY FACE

INTO ALL THE WORLD.
READ LUKE 16:16.

WE SPOTTED her the first evening on the boat—an elderly woman, with a face of culture and rare sweetness. No drug-store cosmetics can ever impart such a serene, deep beauty to a countenance. It was the outward shining of an inward light.

So we were not surprised to find our fellow passenger to be a veteran missionary, returning to India. And it was a joyous reward for much writing to learn that she is familiar with Milady, Deborah, Docky, Barbara, Fra and all the other friends who foregather in these little articles.

May we all meditate again upon the profound truth that there is no fellowship on earth, outside of the family, that can equal that of Christians whose central interest and allegiance is to Jesus Christ.

For all thy children who bless this world, our Father, we thank Thee. We are humbly grateful that every one of us may have a part in this goodly fellowship. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2

THE FROTH OF LIFE

TAKE HEED TO YOURSELVES.
READ LUKE 21:34.

DWELLING in a boat world for a fortnight one may study it as a microcosm. All sorts of folk are aboard, from the sober statesmen and the group of scientists and the serious-minded passengers who spend much of their time in the deck chairs, reading and conversing, to the lively crowd of young persons who haunt the smoking room, drinking, drinking and chattering and playing cards.

These represent the froth of life. They are deliberately out for "a good time," but get only a headache. Tragedy sailed with us before the voyage was over.

"Good times" are not to be had in life's froth; but in its quiet, steady depths, where character and convictions and intelligence and friendliness and religion are to be found.

Save us, O Lord, from all imitations of real life; and from the vanities of worldly fashions followed foolishly. Root us in the life that is Christ. Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3

THE KITES ARE FLYING

THE BIRDS DID EAT THEM.
READ GENESIS 40:16-19.

OVER Cairo, all day long, the kites are flying, as they have been doing since the days when the Pharaoh's baker had food plucked from the basket on his head, in the dream that he told to Joseph.

Ceaselessly circling, often higher than the airplanes that frequent this region, they are ready to swoop down upon any possible morsel of food. Friends have told me how the black kites have robbed even their tea table, set in the garden.

These sinister birds are a symbol of the forces of evil that are ever soaring over our life, waiting to despoil. The world is full of evil influences, and every young life is in peril. We cannot escape the marauding kites, but we can, happily, be keen and strong to overcome them.

In our weakness and danger, we pray to Thee, O victorious Master, for strength to resist all the wiles of evil. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 4

OUR JERUSALEM HOME

FILLING OUR HEARTS WITH FOOD.
READ ACTS 14:17.

AMIDST all the deep delights of another extended sojourn in Jerusalem, it may seem a little thing to mention our pleasure in living where grace is said, both before and after meals. We are happily ensconced in the Hospice of the Knights of St. John, in the heart of the native city, and our windows open upon the Mount of Olives, seen across an expanse of gray and domed roofs. Deacon Kluge it is who presides at our table; and over a dozen offices of helpfulness. I commend this home in Jerusalem to travelers whose interest is ampler than their purses.

But to return to the table grace. Not for years have I seen thanks returned after food, as well as before. The simple act seems to bind us closer to the care of the Father-provider. Here, especially, it strengthens the religious impulse which is the one real reason for visiting Jerusalem. We omit a link with God when we fail in this form of family worship.

Gracious Giver of daily food, we would acknowledge Thee, and seek Thy blessing. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5

ONE HOLY LAND LILY

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.
READ MATT. 6:28.

THIS time we entered the Holy Land by sea at Jaffa—history-crowded Jaffa or Joppa, which claims to be the oldest city in the world—and drove straightway to Jerusalem, across the Plain of Sharon, through green fields and groves of olive and orange trees.

It was too early for Spring flowers, but Milady, ever with a keen eye for nature's offerings, spotted a gorgeous red anemone by the roadside, and must have it. This is the lily that Jesus bade us "consider."

One concrete, significant memento of an experience is better than many vague impressions. It is worth the journey to be able to pluck with one's own hands a blazing flower from this sacred soil; and to learn anew, in a care-ridden day, the Master's message of the Father's individual care. This single red flower transports us back to the days when the blessed feet trod these ways, and Jesus spoke comfort to the hearts of the harried.

We would "consider the lilies," and all the other commonplaces which Thou has labeled with spiritual significance, dear Master. In life's littles may we see Thy largeness. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6

PITY THE TOURIST

A HANDFUL WITH QUIETNESS.
READ ECCLES. 4:4-6.

FOR a month past we have been associating with tourists; and theirs is a strenuous and superficial experience. They get glimpses of many wonders, but no thorough knowledge of anything. Usually, they are victims of ignorant guides, more interested in bazaar commissions than in imparting knowledge. The poor tourist's memories become telescoped, and he often cannot remember the names of objects he has so fran-

tically photographed.

Still, that is the way many of us go through life. We strenuously chase new sensations, and miss the experience of appreciating to the full one view, one flower, one mountain, one group of friends, one bit of music, one great love.

It is better to be one commonplace, Bible-reading and Bible-practicing Christian, of however lowly a lot, who knows God as a personal experience, than to have traveled hectically over all the sacred sites in Bible Lands.

Thou hast promised, our Father, that in quietness and in confidence shall be our strength. So may we abide in Thee. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7

A JOLT FOR SCHOLARS

WHEN PRIDE COMETH.
READ PROV. 11:2-3.

COCK-SURENESS ill becomes any of us in these days. One of the severest jolts to classical scholarship may be realized at old Sakkara, in Egypt. For there have been dug up pillars and colonnades in the style that has been supposed to be purely Grecian—carved and constructed more than a thousand years before there was any Greece!

Who taught these Egyptians of five thousand years ago to build so beautifully; and to create such lovely alabaster and porphyry vases as have been found by the hundreds beneath the Step Pyramid, itself supposed to be the oldest extant stone creation of man? Origins are still a mystery.

Our conceited day needs these lessons in humility. It seems as if God were chiding our arrogant pride. For he has yet much to reveal about Himself and His world. "Now we know in part."

Keep us humble in mind and teachable, O Lord, in the presence of life's unrevealed mysteries. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8

TWO DOVES

AS HARMLESS AS DOVES.
READ MATT. 10:16-20.

OFF in the hills of the Holy Land soldiers are patrolling, with rifles at ready; and in the city keen-eyed policemen watch pedestrians. But outside our window, perched on a fig tree in the garden, are two beautiful doves, carrying on their life as quietly as though there were no fear or tumult in the earth.

My doves—I am already calling them such, for they are so often in my sight—symbolize the normal on-going of life and nature which has defeated all conquerors and wars. At least thirteen times this old city of Jerusalem has been laid waste by war; but the doves still coo, in the trees or amidst the ruins, as they did in David's day. Likewise the flowers bloom, the crops grow, the rain falls, men, and women marry, children play the same games as their remote forebears—life marches on, unconquerable.

These are God's guarantees of the future; and the evidence of His watchful care. So long as the doves perch on Jerusalem trees, we may hope for eventual peace.

In all the commonplace manifestations of nature we would trace Thy vast providences, O Eternal Father. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9

IN THE CITY OF PEACE

IN THY PRESENCE IS FULLNESS OF JOY.
READ PSA. 16:7-11.

OUR present lot is a parable of the Christian life. British armed forces hold Jerusalem and the Holy Land. Soldiers and policemen are everywhere. No native may enter the guarded gates of the city without being searched. Streets are full of noisy traffic and trade; the ever-vocal East is all about us.

Yet in the midst of it all we possess peace and quietness. *Via Dolorosa,* with its bustling throngs, runs literally under our ancient hospice. Nevertheless, all of its clamorous tumult rises to us only as a murmur: the Mount of Olives, outside of our window, is more real than all of the confusion below.

So with the Christian life. It may be environed on every side by clash and clamor; but it lives apart, serene in the presence of the great realities of the spirit.

We would know the life apart from the world, that abides ever in the consciousness of Thy presence, O Lord, our life. Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10

A JERUSALEM BABY

REVEALED UNTO BABES.
READ MATT. 11:25-27.

WE HAD climbed the stone steps from the busy street into our Jerusalem home, the Hospice of the Knights of St. John, and in the ancient garden, with its fruit-laden orange trees, we came upon—a baby! Blue-eyed, fair-haired, chubby-cheeked and smiling, the infant daughter of our host and hostess greeted us like a flower from the fatherland. Our hearts warmed to our new home. Milady thinks no "sight" so interesting as a baby.

Was it not a Babe that once made this land holy? Revelation of God and man came by way of the manger-crib. And still today, when life grows stale and unsatisfactory, it is renewed by the advent of a baby. Childhood is the perennial promise. Humanity's hope is in the cradle.

I am glad that in old Jerusalem there is this beautiful wee German "Mädschen", named "Eve Marie." And I muse often of the myriad homes that are being renewed by the coming of babies fresh from God, with hope for the world in their tiny hands.

We give thanks today, our Father, that our Saviour was once a babe. And in His name we seek the best for all little children. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 11

BENEATH STRANGE DRESS

JUDGE NOT.
READ MATT. 7:1-5.

I LOOK over the wall of the roof of our Jerusalem home, upon the people passing along *Via Dolorosa* below, and I see strange types and curious raiment below. Even I can distinguish the women from Bethlehem and Hebron and the men from the desert. In superficial aspect all are such as to command a second look on any American street. Their outward appearance is all that a tourist sees. Perhaps if he is thoughtful, he will comment to himself, "Thus the plain people dressed in the time of Jesus."

Beneath all this exterior novelty pulse today afresh the great passions of patriotism and liberty. Jerusalem's heart is stirred by the present crisis, precipitated by Zionism. The major motives of life are surging.

How little we can tell of a neighbor by the clothes he wears.

Our prayer today is that we may be preserved from judging by superficial appearances. Give us wisdom to discern the realities of life. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12

WHEN FRIENDS PART

AT THE HOUSE WITH MY DISCIPLES.
READ MATT. 23:17-30.

MOST thumbed of all the pages of a Christian's Bible are the fourteenth to seventeenth chapters of John's Gospel, the Upper Room chapters. In them one seems closest to the sympathetic, loving Christ. They are His farewell to His disciples; but they are also a welcome to His very heart.

All partings are tinged with sorrow yet quickened with love. We seem nearest to the dear ones from whom we are separating. The preciousness of human ties increases as they are severed, even for a season.

Christ would never have meant so much to His friends had He not parted from them. It needed that severing of conventional bonds, with the cross and the open tomb to follow, to teach them His true nature and mission.

In all of life's partings, dear Lord and Example, we would remember that love always has reunion and larger life awaiting. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13

AROUND THE CORNER

WENT OUT OF THE CITY INTO BETHANY.
READ MATT. 21:17-22.

JUST around the corner of the quiet gray hill which is my daily delight lies the site of Bethany. It is beyond my vision at the moment; but there it stands, in reality and in symbol.

This was the refuge of Jesus. Be-

(Continued on page 60)

HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Clementine Paddleford, DIRECTOR

Planning, Preparation and Serving Meals for Home and Church. Suggestions for Decorations and Entertainment for the Social Side of Church Life

Women are turning again to big kitchens, preferring those with a nook to eat, to read or to sew in, and a corner for children to play

This kitchen table reduces to a small size for study, but may be unfolded to accommodate eight breakfast guests

The Kitchen of Your Dreams

MODERN science, the supermaid, has moved into our homes to sew, clean rugs, scrub and polish floors, to dust, cook, iron and freeze ice cream, all with the wave of a wand called electricity.

You may sit in the living room and with the push of a button regulate a roaring fire in the furnace downstairs; gauging the heat to your needs. In the kitchen this clean heat is paralleled by the clean cold of mechanical refrigeration. Dozens of these mechanical servants, creatures of science and the brain, substitute for straining, groaning sinews, the geared-up power of their metallic limbs. These helpers can do more and better work in ten minutes than the hired girl of 1910 could do in a ten-hour day.

Stuffing stoves, carrying wood and water, scouring blackened pots and pans, raising microbes with a broom, belong to an age when housekeeping was a day-in and a year-out grind of drudgery, when women folks were painfully vocal in their orchestra of fatigue. Today this old program of wasteful awkward working is as out of style as the flail and the mustache cup. With it goes the final trace of boredom from the daily routine of keeping house.

Recently we paid a visit to the experimental institute of a great electrical manufacturing company where kitchen trends are pioneered. Here we saw a parade of kitchens of twelve different types. There were kitchens for apartment houses, combining efficiency and small space. The early American kitchen offered modern convenience in the charm of traditional atmosphere. But the kitchen for home owners and the one *Christian Herald* readers would appreciate, is the new "homey" kitchen that incorporates the practical ideas suggested by thousands of American housewives. What do you suppose these modern women want in the work room of their dreams?

They want the space of the old-fashioned kitchen, but put to new use. The homey kitchen we inspected measured 15½ feet long by 14½ feet wide. "We want kitchen room," women say, "for small children to play, so we know what Buster is up to while meals are under way." Women want kitchen room for the ironing board; and those without basements want space to do their washing near the sink. They want the kitchen a livable room with an eating nook, a place to read, to sew. A big room, yes, but divided into step-saving, convenient units according to their purposes. In this demonstration room the kitchen equipment proper is arranged in L shape along two walls. Other sections of the room include the laundry center with washer, ironer and water heater, a play center for the children and an area in which sewing may be done or any leisure task. The kitchen table reduces to small size for study but may be unfolded to accommodate eight breakfast guests.

Equipment for kitchen operations is arranged in sequence for the receiving of supplies, the storage of groceries, food preparation, cooking and serving activities, with clean-up facilities and means for returning dishes and foods to their storage spaces again. It is an all electric kitchen of a type every woman tells herself, "will be mine some day."

King of the modern kitchen is the electric refrigerator. The new models automatically provide different degrees of cold for varying needs. One compartment, for instance, keeps a temperature below freezing; the proper place for the new frozen foods, ice cream and meats. Still another section is kept at moist storage for keeping fruits and vegetables crisp and fresh. Among the latest tricks is the automatic tray releaser which slides a tray of ice cubes out, as though on roller bearings, no matter how tightly they freeze. The

A flick of the control washes the dishes and rinses them. They dry in their own heat

ALL PICTURES COURTESY OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Note the convenient arrangement of sink to work counter, with the stove within arm's reach to the right

This sturdy electric beater is equipped to handle both light and heavy mixes

new refrigerator in the model "homey" kitchen described, boasts increased insulation efficiency that the manufacturer claims has decreased operating costs more than 20 per cent below the models of last year. This refrigerator has a "quick tray" which combines fast freezing with easy cube removal. Lever action releases two cubes at a time. The vegetable containers in most of this company's models are the sliding drawer type. A removable split bottom shelf provides for storage for a watermelon, a turkey or any bulky foods.

Looking around at other 1938 refrigerators, note that generally they are working toward quick cube freezing and easy release. One model with a quick action tray has a special type lever which not only releases the tray itself, but operates an extremely simplified ice cube arrangement so that with a single twist of the wrist all the cubes are loosened and can be picked out one at a time. This same model has 18 points of cold control, and a specially designed radio may be installed. The super de luxe model of another firm provides completely air-conditioned food compartments, entirely separate from the freezing chambers. No defrosting is necessary in the food compartment. Air humidity, circulation and purity, are taken care of automatically. In the food chambers a small, completely enclosed fan keeps the air in circulation and an activated charcoal filler removes any odor before it is recirculated.

Still another model lays stress on its inner door, that the manufacturer claims gives 26 per cent more quickly-usable space. With this arrangement of shelves, they state, two-fifths of the entire contents of the models may be removed and replaced without exposing the main food compartment to warm air.

Inside lights that flash on when the door opens is common to most of the fine models; so are lift-out sections, permitting storage of bulky items. Enamel linings have no cracks and corners inside to catch dirt and they are acid-resisting. The shelves come out for thorough washing, leaving every bit of the interior within reach of the hand.

Today's electric kitchen range all but raises a lorgnette. Designs are streamlined as our automobiles and just as smooth and beautiful in their finishes. Oven walls are of rust resisting metals, insulated to cook the food at regulated temperatures. Insulated knobs and handles fitted with porcelain remain cool to the touch. Let's review the highlights of this year's stove parade. In the homey kitchen mentioned, the newest range has five heats on all burners, providing a higher speed and a lower speed than 1937 models made available. There is a light in the front board to show when any unit is under current. Metal plate under coils are in two sections to facilitate cleaning. colored hardware is used for handles and knobs to correspond with kitchen accessories. There is an automatic timer, "triple" oven and flattened hi-speed calrod units are retained.

Another range we admire has three cooking speeds with a "low-low" on each unit. It has a stain-resisting top, non-tilt sliding shelves. It fits flush against the kitchen wall because of a front opening vent. There is an oven signal light to show when the current is on. All units are enclosed for protection from spilling. There is a time signal to remind the cook when the food is done. Something else you will favor is the toe space base for easy cleaning and the electrical outlet for small appliances. Many ranges have practically identical points, that is warming compartments, fully automatic time clocks, adjustable broilers, recessed toe space, and without exceptions all have beauty. One has an inner oven light of which we highly approve.

On stoves like these the pot no longer calls the kettle black. There is no smoke, no grease. Now you can wash the dishes backwards, start with pots and pans if you like, there is no soot to wash away. What's more, you can wash the range like a china plate and dry it with your tea towel.

Dish-washing, that special cross of the past, is becoming a mere matter of packing dirty dishes into an electrical dish washing machine; boiling suds do the work. In the homey kitchen, the electric sink comprised a dishwasher and disposal. Water hotter than the human hand can stand, washes the dishes hygienically and they dry in their own heat. All food wastes, including bones, go down the sink drain where the disposal unit shreds them to fine pulp and flushes them into the sewer or septic tank like water.

Kitchen aids are going electrical. Mixers work on AC or DC current. One new 1938 model has motor bearings, self lubricating. This *(Continued on page 44)*

LODER—DORIS DAY

Pulpit Flowers from a CHURCH GARDEN

By L. W. C. Tuthill

"A CHURCH garden", you say, "whoever heard of such a thing?"

To which I promptly reply: Suppose you haven't ever heard of it, what has that to do with it? Nobody ever heard of America either, until Columbus bumped into it by accident.

However, this church garden idea isn't a new one at all. But the application of it, that am going to tell you about, is somewhat so. I am going to tell it to you, just as it was told to me, by a member of a congregation who was, to use her words, "all hot and bothered" by the question of each Sunday having to supply flowers for the pulpit.

It seems they have the somewhat usual system of allotting a Sunday to each member for supplying the flowers. All too often, when their Sunday came around, they had forgotten all about it until the last minute, and then took inadequate flowers, or arranged them so hurriedly they were regrettably unattractive. Then again, so many times a member would be away and honestly expecting to be back on their Sunday, made no provision for some one else to carry on.

It happened that in this church I am retelling about, one of their problems was keeping up the interest of the Sunday School. It just doesn't seem enough these days to rely on only the going on Sunday to recite a lesson or be talked at, to hold the young people. Take a leaf from the public schools, the way they have introduced no end of activities to create new interests and hold old ones. In thinking of such, bear in mind that those girls and boys *have* to go to school whether they like it or not. Still the public schools do make a surprising amount of effort to have them like it, and I think they succeed.

So one of the ways they created and held interest in the particular Sunday School of this church I am telling you about, was by having a church flower garden. One for growing flowers for decorating the pulpit each Sunday.

At first the church officers were leary about giving over any part of the ground to be dug up. But when they saw all that was back of it, they were heartily for it.

Regular gardening gangs were organized from the Sunday School, with a captain at the head of each gang. A raking-off gang, after the ground was dug up. A planting gang. A watering gang. A cultivating gang. A weeding gang. A flower picking gang. In order to have as many as possible interested, these gangs each served for a month, and then new ones were appointed. Sometimes the same captains were retained. But in most cases, the captain was selected by the gang itself.

Tied in with these gangs, was the pulpit flower committee, who were the sponsors and general overseers of them all. They in turn put some of the Sunday Schoolites on their committee, for helping arrange the flowers. This served not only to keep up interest, but was used as a goal for the rest to aim. To be put on that committee was a distinct honor. In turn, it served to get them in training for later on, when grown up and serving on the committee.

And now you are asking: "But what flowers did they grow? Did they buy plants from a greenhouse or nursery for setting out? Or was it all planted direct from annual seeds? Were there any hardy plants? Did they plant bulbs in the fall for early spring blooming?"

Well, of course, that first year it was mostly just annuals raised direct from seed. But it wasn't long before parents became interested and sent roots and clumps of hardy plants from their own gardens. One of the stores donated one hundred Tulip bulbs. Some one else fifty Daffodils. One little girl sold greeting cards, made $1.55 and bought some Hyacinth bulbs. So the idea took hold and grew. And how it has worked!

Yes I know, you are chock full of all kinds of questions as to the details of it all. But frankly, I am not going to tell you a single thing more. Not going to for simply this reason: at best, whatever I might say about such, would of necessity have to be adjusted to meet the particular conditions of your church. Besides which, there's the even more important point, that developing the details of the plan is half the fun. In that very talking over and evolving of things, you create interest. And interest is the main thing you are after, isn't it? That, and insuring flowers for the pulpit for each Sunday's service and other occasions.

How much will it cost? There you go again. Well, for a couple of dollars you can buy twenty packets of seeds, enough for oodles of plants. In any event, it certainly looks like the church ought to be only too glad to do a little shelling-out for so fine an idea with such worthy motives back of it.

It's April. Time to get busy. The earlier the seeds are in, the sooner the steady supply of flowers.

Next fall I hope we will have several first-hand stories about just such church gardens, told by their successful leaders.

★

MY GARDEN

I have no fertile field to till
Nor sheltered garden plot,
But here upon my window sill
I keep one flower pot;
And in the warm and moist earth
There lies the miracle of birth.

I have no golden harvest sheaves
Of ripened, bearded grain,
But down among the glossy leaves
Grow flowers of crimson stain
With breath so sweet that somehow they
Can drive unpleasant thoughts away.

My garden will not nourish me
Nor keep my body warm,
Nor shelter me as would a tree
From every passing storm;
But beauty in a shallow bowl
Can warm and fortify my soul.

Helen Moore Schroeder

★

(Continued from page 27)

handicap vis-a-vis Austria. Already the Austrian Chancellor is under attack on the Nazi side of the border.

One gets a foothold, and then bores from within. (A communist tactic. How much the Nazis have learned from the communists!) That is the way the Nazis conquered Germany itself. Two seats in the cabinet were enough to start with.

One begins an anti-Semitic campaign. The Jews are the enemies! Thus one diverts attention. Already, in Vienna, a new anti-Semitic newspaper is on the street, to scare the children with pictures of the bogey-man.

A communist menace suddenly rears its head. It is reported that revolutionary socialist pamphlets are being circulated in Austria. I would like to investigate the source of those pamphlets. Who burned the German Reichstag? Are we not familiar with the tactics of the *agent provocateur?* Why has there been no communist literature circulating in Austria until last week? Why does the German press begin to paint a bolshevist menace next door?

A Jewish menace and a bolshevist menace are necessary to establish a Nazi excuse for armed intervention. But the same trick cannot be pulled repeatedly, over and over. Or can it?

Austria is already lost to democracy. Two dictators together, from two neighboring countries, saw to that a long time ago. But it is not yet lost to barbarism. It is not yet lost to certain very old Christian principles which have influenced the law of the world for centuries. And until it is lost, Germany is not wholly lost, either.

Perhaps the German "Fuehrer" knows this. For it is curious how desperately afraid he has become of the circulation of ideas outside his own country. He wants England, now, to "control" its own journalists! Foreign correspondents sent to Berlin must be "accredited" by the German government. If they do not speak Nazi language they will be put out—unless their own governments will discipline them.

So powerful in arms. And so afraid of words?

(By permission New York Herald-Tribune)

★

Christian Courtesy Circle

LAST July there appeared in these columns a paragraph introducing the Christian Courtesy Circle—an idea suggested by Miss Beatrice Plumb, whereby families unable to subscribe to *Christian Herald* could be supplied with subscriptions through the generosity of more fortunate readers.

The response was immediate and hundreds of missionaries, prisoners, army post libraries and individuals are now receiving *Christian Herald* who otherwise would be without it. If any of our readers wish to form Christian Courtesy Circles, or make individual contributions to a fund for supplying subscriptions to those who need *Christian Herald,*

Address, CHRISTIAN COURTESY CIRCLE,
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READING TIME LESS THAN 2 MINUTES • AND WELL WORTH EVERY WOMAN'S TIME

FACTS about sanitary napkins!

•

Here are the questions women asked:

Is there a way for me to secure greater Comfort and Security?

Suppose my needs differ on different days . . . what can I do?

What kind of deodorant should I use for positive protection?

Here are the answers to your questions!

WOMEN know that the ideal sanitary napkin is one that can't chafe, can't fail, can't show. So, naturally, this was our goal. With the introduction of Wondersoft Kotex,* we were confident we had achieved it!

But to be honest, even though Wondersoft Kotex did create new standards of comfort and safety for *most* women, it did not completely satisfy every woman! Fortunately, we found out why . . . *We discovered that one-size napkin will not do for every woman, any more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. And, for many women, one-size napkin will not do for every day, for a woman's personal needs may differ on different days.*

To meet this problem, we developed 3 types of Kotex . . . for different women, different days. Only Kotex has "All 3" . . . Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex, Super Kotex.

We sincerely believe that these 3 types of Kotex answer your demands for sanitary protection that meets your exact needs, each day. We urge you to try "All 3" next time, and see how they can bring you the greater comfort and security you seek.

Try all 3 types of Kotex, then judge for yourself. The proof is in the wearing! Perhaps you will decide you want one type for today, another for tomorrow—or maybe all 3 types for different times.

Quest is the new *positive* deodorant powder that is completely effective on sanitary napkins. Only 35c for the large size.

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS

*(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office)*

"It takes Close Figuring to live on a Food Budget of $40 a month"

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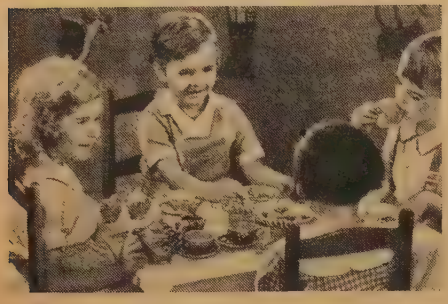

"This was my son's birthday party," writes Mrs. Speck. "With a growing boy and a husband to feed, I certainly can't afford baking failures. You don't catch me trusting expensive cake ingredients to cheap, doubtful baking powder."

"With Royal, I'm sure of success—and a finer flavor, too. And one cent's worth of Royal is enough for a good big cake."

YOU have the right idea, Mrs. Speck! There is no economy in risking failures with cheap, doubtful baking powder.

The good fresh butter, eggs, flavorings and other materials you put in a cake often cost 40 times as much as the baking powder. With Royal, you take no chances. There's a pure fruit ingredient in Royal—Cream of Tartar—that insures perfect results every time. And gives finer flavor, more even texture to all your baking.

Remember, too, Royal is not expensive. It actually costs only about 1¢ per baking. And, at this low cost, you get the only nationally distributed baking powder made with Cream of Tartar—a safe, wholesome fruit product.

Don't take chances on baking failures. Next time you buy baking powder, ask for Royal—and be sure!

FREE COOK BOOK
—Write to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington Street, New York City, Dept. 204.

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(Continued from page 41)

machine is equipped with a selector for varying speeds according to use. It is equipped to beat cream or handle the heaviest bread dough, having special paddles for the various tasks. Being sturdily built it does not vibrate and the bowl is securely clamped to the base by a screw so it cannot loosen in the beating process. Here is a machine that will take a lot of punishment and do its work well.

For little kitchens that make no pretense of elaborate meal getting, there is a midget size inexpensive beater that comes with two attachments, one a beverage mixer, the other a whip agitator. Both are stainless and quickly interchangeable as they screw into place. The twenty-four foot cord allows a wide cooking radius. Just reach for the mixer instead of the spoon, a convenient thumb switch snaps the current on and off; useful for beating eggs, whipping cream, mayonnaise or thin batters—but not too large amounts nor mixtures extra thick. No special bowls are necessary, no stands to adjust, but it works on alternating current only.

An electric orange juicer promises 60 per cent more juice than when oranges are squeezed by hand pressure. Toasters come designed to tan four slices at a time or may be adjusted for only two slices, if desired, by the use of only one side. After toasting it keeps the toast hot at uniform heat until ready to serve. A toaster new a year ago and one of the de luxe models among the automatics, boasts feather touch control. It allows easy insertion of the bread and with a mere flick of the finger on trigger, the toast is released. Heat is measured out in the exact amount required for proper browning and when the toast is done, the current switches off automatically. It cannot burn and a musical chime tells you the toast is ready to eat. The regulating dial regulates the heat, determines the color of the toast. Have it with a soft white center, crisp, dry, or melba style. The operation is silent and toasts two slices at once. Crumbs that drop, land on the crumb tray that is easily removed.

Waffle irons come with adjustable thermostatic control. The precision thermostat switches the current on and off automatically keeping the grids at baking temperatures constantly. There is a glow cone signal that lights to show grids are heating; winks out to show waffles are done. It is a non-stick grid with batter gauge and smartly tailored in design. The newest iron is a double decker in chrome with walnut handles that makes two waffles at a time. This operates as the usual type waffle iron, and when properly heated the indicator registers "bake."

A small electric snack server is a handsome thing to possess. The outside of chromium with white plastic handles and feet. Through the use of water in the base, it will keep food hot and appetizing for two to three hours. This has a two-compartment glass dish with a capacity of two quarts.

A new electric kitchen aid supplies freshly ground coffee in a minute's time, ground to your liking; adjustable for drip pot, vacuum, percolator, or regular grind. The hopper holds 1¼ pounds of bean coffee. With it comes a graduated measuring glass divided off by table spoons so you grind just what is needed.

The electric deep fat fryer consists of a thermostatically controlled heater, a rectangular container and cover equipped with a frying basket. It has a high and low thermostat and a pilot light that turns off when the fat is hot enough for cooking. Automatically it keeps at frying temperature while cooking is underway. Use it for French frying potatoes, making doughnuts, croquettes, fritters, any deep fat frying job. Among other electrical cooking devices is a casserole with two heats, high and low, that roasts, bakes, stews, fries and boils. There is a broilette, chromium plated throughout and meant to be used at the table. This fries, broils, and toasts. Merely plug into the nearest outlet and it is ready to use. The food will remain warm for half an hour after the heat is turned off. There is no danger of grease or oils spattering, as the unit is completely enclosed.

No marriage can be said to be safe until she knows to the instant when his eggs should be snatched from the boiling water. Such understanding is hard to come by, for no man knows himself just what he means by a three-minute egg. He says three minutes and may mean four. But once she knows whether he is of the three, four, or five minute persuasion, the thing to do is hustle out and buy an electric egg cooker and cook forever after by the precision method in live steam generated by the flow of current through a measured quantity of water. Two teaspoons of water are added to the cooker for very soft boiled and three to four teaspoons for medium boiled. The water goes in first, then the eggs; clap on the lid, connect the electricity. When steam ceases to curl from the vent the current automatically shuts itself off and the eggs are done. It is a cooker designed for table service.

Tour the British Isles

WOULD you not like to spend two weeks in England next summer, visiting the historic scenes and beautiful countryside? We have worked out such an all-expense tour for less than $800.00, including steamship fare. Those wishing to see Paris and the Continent may do so at slight extra cost.

Inquiries are pouring in so fast that it seems certain the quota of 25 will be more than filled. Since the number that can be accommodated is strictly limited, you had better write at once, get full information, and make your reservations. Address Travel Department, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Additional information regarding any of the items described in this article may be obtained by writing to the Christian Herald Church Housekeeping Bureau, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

How's your baby's appetite?

Feed your tiny tot Heinz Strained Foods and see how eagerly he eats! He'll like their natural color! He'll appreciate the tasty flavor Heinz cooks in—never out. Choicest fruits and vegetables are prepared *scientifically* to preserve vitamins and minerals. There are 12 delicious Heinz Strained Foods from which to choose. You pay no premium for their extra quality.

GUARD YOUR BABY'S HEALTH—LOOK FOR THESE SAFETY SEALS

57 HEINZ STRAINED FOODS

Easter

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A Box of 12 with envelopes—postpaid 70c

Beautiful folders in delicate Easter colors and pictures appropriate for this holy day. Each one so exquisite that you will be proud to let it be your messenger of Easter greetings.

Send us your order TODAY so that you will have time to order more as you are sure to do when you see them.

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Address .....

(Continued from page 15)

faces he had always known. Some mirrored or reflected a hunger locked deep within; some were begging for something to believe, something to hold to, as a rock. Some were bold faces, unafraid, satisfied that within themselves they had all powers and strength needed to whip this thing called life. There were furrowed faces, deep-scarred by the whips of life. There were eyes that said bitterly, "I'm through. I've given up." There was the face of the college boy, analyzing everything he heard and saw; there was the face of the old man nodding.

Said Luther, "My congregation!"

The sermon? A bit unusual. There was no text, no proceeding from Point One to Point Two, and on to The Conclusion. It was a simple statement of simple fact: that this day was Jesus Christ risen from the dead. That by his rising he gave to men the certainty that they, too, should rise. Of the many mansions in the Father's house; the mansion beyond, and the houses that men built for themselves here and now, in this life and of how they were only houses until the Risen Christ walked into them, and of how then they became . . . mansions. Of how this God and this Christ were God and Christ of the living, and not the property of the dead. Of a Holy Spirit that no tomb could trap, or hold.

The sermon was done, and Luther was shaking hands with The Minister on the steps of The Church. Said the Minister:

"Would you mind telling me now, sir, just who you are, and where you come from? There is something about you. . . ."

Then said Luther Higginson:

"I am Luther Higginson. I died in this town in 1938. I have been gone one hundred years, and this year I was granted twenty-four hours leave to come back down to earth and see for myself how things go with the Church. And I have seen. I am ready to go back."

The Minister was silent in the face of this, but the question leaped from his eyes. And Luther answered it:

"I think that the forms of worship and the Church have changed, but that the substance is still the same. You have no poor, yet you have men who will beg. The Church has outwitted alcohol and the slum and the jail, but still I saw the same old hunger on those faces in the pew.

"You have no hymnbooks, but the same old hymns. You have new ways of giving forth the Bread, but just as many hands are reaching for it as one hundred years ago. Life is still a struggle, and there is faith provided in the Church to help. There is still a yearning after God, and the search for surety; there is still victory in that search for some, and frustration and the dark for others. Things are quite the same, sir, and yet they are better. I should like to preach again, in Middleville. . . ."

At midnight he went back. Middleville never saw him again; indeed, most of Middleville never knew he had been there at all. Middleville forgot him. But we wonder whether he forgot Middleville. Up there near the golden gateway, we think, up where they regulate the spheres and count a hundred years as less than a day, he must be watching, and wishing he could preach to them. . . .

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(Continued from page 30)

Julie told herself, slitting open an envelope of feature articles that had come in the early mail. . . .

She found a feature on new comfort in air travel, wrote a head, and marked the art "two columns." There was a story and picture of a man kept alive in a gas tank during an oceanic flight. That was worth at least one column—

Then she, too, forgot everything in the quickened pace as the time for the deadline drew near. Suddenly the presses began to rumble, as the pages, plated now, took their places, and the wide stream of white paper began its long course across them. The paper had gone to press

For awhile she had nothing to do. Julie left the building, forcing herself to remember an errand or two. Her brown pumps needed heels, for instance. When she left the shoe-repair station, the early afternoon editions were on the newsstands. She counted out six cents, and bought a *Star* and an *Express*. There was Terry's story, all over page one, with the challenge from the First Tabernacle Church corporation, demanding an accounting on the terms of the contract. Page three of the *Star* contained the layout and story about Natalie Worthington. Julie's by-line was not with it. She was relieved.

It was late in the afternoon, when Basil Worthington printed an answer to the charge. Just as Terry had predicted, he refused to accept the interpretation that he had arranged a loosely-drawn contract whereby he and his partners could leave the church with the taxes to pay. The real estate company asserted its intention of meeting its responsibilities.

The battle was on. The fanfare and the banners had their moment. By six o'clock, the bottom of the day had dropped out, leaving a hole.

Dusk was gathering in the street below, when Terry, weary and disheveled, paused at Julie's desk. The rain had stopped long ago. A new moon was climbing above the slim spire of the Empire State.

"Ready?" Terry said. "Let's leave for awhile. We can come back later to find out if there's to be a paper tomorrow."

As they started up the street, two men, walking behind them, were discussing the skyscraper church.

"That *Express* is all right," one of them remarked. "Brought the real estate company to time, didn't it? I hear it's rocky, though."

The other agreed. "It's about to fold up, I understand," he added.

"Has the man who was interested in buying the paper been heard from today?" Julie asked Terry.

"I guess not. Unless he saw Mac. Mac went away about three—I have a hunch he's putting through the deal. But let's forget the paper for a minute, Julie. Let's think about—us."

"It's a lovely idea, Terry," she added, and the words caught in her throat and were a little husky as they came to the man.

They turned in at the Tabernacle Church and sat down in a pew. Terry's hand covered hers, and Julie sat very still. Gradually the fingers that held hers relaxed their pressure and she moved her head to look at Terry. He had fallen asleep. With brown eyes tender, yet sparkling with mischief, she sat, waiting for him to wake up. It was half an hour later that the sound of a door banging brought him quickly to his feet.

Out on the street they began to laugh. A clock was striking.

"I'll check in with the *Express* and then we'll have dinner," Terry said. "Julie, I brought you out to finish telling you something. . . . and to fall asleep on you! Here's a drugstore with telephones."

He was in the booth just a moment. When he came out, he grabbed Julie by the arm.

"They want us back, pronto! Peter sounds as if Santa Claus has come, and it's Fourth of July and Bank Night!" Then, he sobered. "Julie. . . ."

She reached up and laid a slim tanned hand over his lips. "I know, Terry. Let's wait until this—this excitement is over."

It was just a few seconds walk to the office and another reporter joined them at the door, so there was no chance for Terry to continue, anyway. Once in the editorial room he was called into conclave with Peter and Mac and a couple of other men, one of whom Julie recognized as the present owner and publisher. She sat down at the desk where she had worked that day feeling left out. The paper must have raised some money and would go on. She was glad. But she hadn't been asked to join that group. There would be no job for her, and she had given up the one she used to have. Not that she wanted it back, anyway. She didn't have a job, she couldn't even have a proposal because of the rush of time—She would call up Martha.

So she slipped away to a phone, but that line was dead. The publisher's glassed-in office was vacant. He was busy, talking to the men. She might as well hide herself in there. Martha's number was busy, so she had to wait a moment. She was lifting the receiver to dial again, when a shadow darkened the doorway. She jumped up, quickly apologetic.

"I don't make a practice of going around confiscating editors' and publishers' offices. I needed a telephone."

"It's all right," he answered. "Anything I can do for you?"

She wanted to say: "Yes, you can give me a job," but she didn't. Instead, she asked: "Has the paper had good news?"

"The best in the world! The buyer came through—proud of today's accomplishment. And public opinion is coming our way. I've been receiving telegrams and telephone calls of congratulation!" Then his jubilance faded. "Have you ever given your heart for something, something that almost was snatched away, and suddenly it was handed back to you?"

"Not—not just that way," Julie answered.

"Then you can't know how I feel."

"You didn't want to sell the paper, though, did?" she asked curiously, forgetting that perhaps she was not supposed to know that.

"Not until yesterday. Then I realized that it was foolish pride that was making me hold on. You see, I'm leaving my money in it, and I'm staying on as publisher, with a free rein. It looks like an

answer to prayer."

"It does," Julie agreed solemnly.

"That man, Maxwell, is a prince. I'm proud to add him to the staff. We've had two breaks today. We've saved the paper and acquired one of the best writers in the business."

"Yes," Julie agreed, still in the same hushed tone.

She looked out. Terry was motioning to her to hurry, and she nodded her head slightly. She held out her hand to the publisher.

"Well, goodbye. It was fun to be here today, and I hope your paper builds up the biggest circulation in the state!"

"How would you like a job here?" the man asked. "That is, if you're sure you are through with the one you had." He looked at her more keenly. "You are Julie Trent, aren't you?"

"Oh, I'd adore it, and I am!" she answered both questions at once. Outside Terry was motioning more practically, and pointing to the clock. "Goodnight! I'll see you in the morning."

Then she slipped out of the publisher's office, and joined Terry.

"This way," he opened a door, and drew her into a hallway, back of a water cooler. "Julie, ever since last night I've been trying to ask you to marry me. I've just got two minutes. Julie, honey, will you?"

"Yes, Terry. . . ."

"Oh, Julie, you angel!"

A moment later, moving away from Terry's arms, at the sound of nearing footsteps, Julie was thinking that Paradise wasn't a place where angels sang and trumpets blew . . . it was a dim hall by a water cooler and Terry saying: "Oh, Julie, I love you, I love you!"

Then common sense pushed romance away. "Terry, you said you had just two minutes. . . ."

"Just one now," he answered jubilantly. "I have to go home and pack a bag and catch a plane. I'm off to Chicago on my first *Express* assignment."

"Oh, grand, Terry! And I'm working here, too."

"Great!" Then he was gone, and Julie went to the exchange table and hunted for a *Star*. She turned to the page which featured Natalie Worthington, tore out the picture which showed Terry, and with a long scissors cut around his picture. She put it in the inner pocket of her bag. Then she found a connected telephone, at an unoccupied desk, and dialed the apartment number.

"Martha?" she asked. "Have you had dinner?"

"No-o. . ." A sleepy voice answered. "I guess I fell asleep." Martha had slept while the world had turned into a country fair, Happy New Year, and a ride on the merry-go-round!

"I'm hungry," she said, a carillon of gladness ringing in the prosaic words. For just an instant she thought of Martha and wondered about Briggs—but that would take care of itself, one way or another sometime. . . .

"Martha darling, will you meet me right away?" she asked. "At that lovely automat with the chipped black trays and the shining white tables and a soft boiled egg right in the middle of the corned beef hash?"

THE END

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(Continued from page 33)

filing clerk from the office where she used to work to come, too. Erma was so thin and undernourished.

"Would you like to see the other furnishings?" Hester asked Ted Channing's son proudly.

He laughed good-naturedly. "You must be as touched as Dad. Dad's just crazy about antiques. Why, he's as old-fashioned as candlelight."

Suddenly Hester was seized with a great misgiving. She looked around as if she were seeing the place for the first time and through the alert eyes of the boy. "Maybe Susan and Jack won't like it," she began to tremble. "They're young, too."

After her first fright a great weariness settled over Hester. It was the first of October and the Browns would be coming the very next evening. It was too late to undo things, she told herself, but even if they didn't like old furniture, they'd know her intentions were good, and forgive her.

But even that consolation was snatched from her. She was going into her grocery to select a duck for the supper, when she overheard two women chatting. "No, Mrs. L— never gets along with her tenants," one of them was saying. "You know, she's one of those people who always wants to rent a place and still keep it."

The words struck Hester like so many redhot bullets. Was that what she was doing? She had rented the apartment to the Browns unfurnished, but now she had gone on furnishing it. Why, she spent more time in their flat than in her own. That night she woke from a nightmare, screaming. Jack Brown had been standing over her, shaking an accusing finger. "You're a meddling old woman!"

The east was just growing grey, but Hester threw the covers back and got up. Hurriedly she dressed and went directly upstairs. Feverishly she set about dismantling the apartment. She took down the chintz draperies and made big rolls of the braided rugs. Then she carried them downstairs and put them far back in her big closet.

She tore the bed apart. She pressed Susan's sheets so that they would not show where they had been tucked in, and laid them back in her hope chest. She returned the blue basket quilt and the homespun spread to the shelf in her own closet. She worked for hours, carrying the rush bottom chairs, the Boston rocker, and the other small pieces, into the attic. She took the mahogany tilt-top back to her own living room.

At noon she had Bud from next door help her carry the gateleg into the attic and hide it with the other antiques.

When she went downstairs she was startled to find a great mound of groceries on the kitchen table. She had forgot all about the party. What would Linda and Bud think, and little Erma, who loved an invitation so much? "I'll go on with the supper." Hester's chin came up firmly. "Surely there can be no harm in having them down here."

She made apple dressing and stuffed the duck. She mixed a garden salad and put that and a jellied soup to chill. Finally she baked a big white wedding cake, topped with snowy icing. She set her own table with her best cloth and with the low bowl of late pansies. She even brought out an old pair of her mother's Sandwich glass candlesticks and put yellow tapers in them.

The house was beginning to look decidedly festive when the *Chequamagon* whistled in. As Hester was changing to her best blue silk, the telephone whirred.

Linda from next door was speaking: "I wonder if you could excuse Bud and me from your party? You see, my mother and father have come unexpectedly from the East, and I haven't seen them for three years." Linda's voice was wistful.

"You mustn't think of running away from your people," Hester heard herself saying, "especially when they've come such a long way."

Listlessly she took off two plates and rearranged the others. When Erma came, her hazel eyes widened. "I thought the supper was going to be upstairs."

Hester shivered. From such questions the Browns would surely find out what had been going on during the month of their absence. Hester actually dreaded to see them. But when she heard their quick steps on the walk, she forced herself to go to the door. "Welcome home," she called. "Won't you come in and have a bite of supper with me?"

Under the porch lantern Susan's brown eyes brightened. "We'd love to, but we've brought two of our friends from the boat home with us. The Nordals."

★

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★

"Bring them in, too," urged Hester.

The young sailors tiptoed into the dining room and Hester pointed out their places. When they realized they were having a real anniversary party, they looked at one another over the pansies in amazement.

"I'm so anxious to see your apartment," Kay Nordal smiled at Susan. "I suppose you'll go in for black glass, white leather, and chromium."

"We haven't had time to think much about furnishings," Jack confessed.

Hester was taking out the soup cups when the electric lights blinked and slowly faded. The house was shrouded in blackness except for the two yellow candles sputtering on the table. Jack held one while Hester took the duck from the oven and put it on the platter. She found other candles and scattered them throughout the rooms.

The house was filled with the easy chat and lilting laughter of the young people, but a cloud of apprehension hung over Hester and she could take no joy in it. She was relieved when the lights came back on and the supper was over. The Browns took the Nordals a piece on their way back to the boat. Erma helped her do the dishes and went home.

But then the Browns came back and Hester heard them going upstairs. They would discover the refinished four-poster and demand an explanation.

They were coming back downstairs. Hester sat tensely on the edge of her Windsor chair, dreading the condemnation in their eyes. She couldn't live in the house with these young folks who didn't understand and respect her. She would release them from their contract. They could find a home elsewhere.

Susan came in holding the old brass candlesticks high. "Do you know, these were the dirtiest-looking things, but the dealer must have polished them."

Hester knew that there was no use to quibble longer. "I am the guilty one." She flushed.

"You?" Jack's eyes were incredulous. "Then maybe you know something about the four-poster?"

"Yes, I did that too," mumbled Hester. "I meant it for a sort of anniversary present," and she hung her head.

"Say, then maybe we could get you to go down town with us tomorrow," begged Jack. "We'd like to pick up some more antiques. We haven't any money but perhaps we can run a bill until my pension comes."

Hester looked up, unbelieving, but her heart began to pound happily when she thought of her secret. "Maybe we can find some old things in my attic that will tide you over until your money comes. But—I thought you were partial to modern things—"

"We thought so, too, until we saw the refinished bed and these." Susan ran her fingers over the satin-smooth candlesticks. "Why, they're beautiful!"

"Yes, we must have been groping after Colonial things when we spent our last cent on those two or three old pieces," confided Jack. "But we didn't know it ourselves until tonight when the lights went out—"

"And we were caught," Susan leaned over and kissed Hester tenderly, "in the magic of your—*candlelight.*"

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(Continued from page 26)

eventual destination. But right here it should be set forth that the standards of modern civilization and order are such in almost all of the chief Spanish-American and Brazilian cities that, with adequate preparation and prearrangement by correspondence, the smallest company of older boys and girls accompanied by a single adult, could journey thither and be assured not only of entering the educational institution sought but of establishing itself in proper and comfortable living accommodations. The heaviest consideration of expense would be the initial item of transportation and, in many instances, this would be compensated for over a stay of a year or more by lower maintenance costs than those prevailing at college and school centers in this country.

Academic standards in the southern republics are much higher than they are credited with being. Except in Peru, Bolivia, Columbia and certain of the Central American states, the principal universities are government-maintained or privately conducted and free from ecclesiastical influence. Many of the higher seats of learning present a compound of the finest scholastic traditions of the Sorbonne Ghent, Salamanca Valladolid, Padua and Heidelberg.

Obviously the student proceeding to one of those southern collegiate centers must have a rudimentary knowledge of the Spanish language; with Portuguese if he or she be destined for Brazil. One who has had a second year's high school course in Spanish would be equipped for that intimate contact with native usage which is to be encountered before the gang-planks are taken in aboard a liner bound for a Spanish-American port and which must become intensive and inescapable once that port is made and the passengers have landed. The average type of young American intelligence would survive the ordeal of stumbling and errors and embarrassments in the first fortnight or month in the foreign school; after that stimulus and progress in both the language and the new curriculum would be rapid and cumulative. If a group of common origin and association in this country were to be entered, the progress would be in ratio to its size.

Students of natural refinement and cultivated tastes—literary, artistic, musical—would find themselves most happily enviroined in their new locale, for all of the major Spanish-American and Brazilian cities have splendid libraries, art galleries, opera houses and concert organizations. All the attractions of our big metropolitan centers of the United States are to be found there, while the opportunities for outdoor recreation and sports, especially in and about those southern cities enjoying climates of perpetual spring, are many, varied and constant.

Against the natural concern lest youngsters domiciled so far from home be exposed to serious temptation to which lack of familiarity with the colloquialisms and customs of a new land and a different race of people might contribute, the fact should be set forth that the colonies of our nationals and of Canadians and Britishers in all of the large Spanish American and Brazilian centers are well-knit communities and consist principally of married couples and families, many of whose children attend local schools and colleges. It is a fact, too, that the supervisory and teaching factors of all educational institutions are drawn chiefly from social elements of sound moral and intellectual outlook and training. The women instructors, in particular, would be found to be any but "indulgent chaperones." The girl or boy from our country, while studying in one of the southern educational centers, would be singularly free from those "bohemian" and "independent thought" influences which are an established characteristic of Europe's great art and music capitals.

Frequently I have been asked about the opportunities for missionary work in the South-American field. They are boundless, but they are closely linked with obligations of a social service character. Especially is that true of the interior regions of plateau forest, *llanos* of Venezuela, pampas of the Argentine and jungles of Brazil and Eastern Peru. The young man or young woman seeking missionary endeavors in the equatorial areas should go there equipped with a sound knowledge of "first aid" principles and with at least an elementary understanding of tropical diseases, such as paludismo, the more virulent form of maleria fever common to the tropics, and of the medicines which operate to prevent, arrest or cure them.

Dr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer, of the M. E. Church, says: "The sectarian approach, with attempts to reproduce the divisions of Protestantism, due to events and points of view pertinent to other lands and other conditions, does not and never will meet the spiritual needs of the Latin-American people. One of the questions which our secretary put to the national pastors in all five countries (Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentine and Uruguay) was: 'Is there at this time any disability upon your members, or any form, as they follow their everyday pursuits, because they are Evangelicals? In every case but one (a city in the Argentine, where hospital and clinical facilities were sought in a local municipal institution) the answer was in the negative."

The Methodist Episcopal Church maintains imposing church edifices, colleges, schools, orphanages, hospitals and welfare centers. Among these there is a 3,700 acre community farm and agricultural training school called "El Wergel", centered about a flourishing Methodist Episcopal church near the village of Huequen, on the Molleco River, in Chile.

Dr. Miguel Rizzo, in charge of the Northern Presbyterian missionary activities in Brazil, describes an unusual and probably unprecedented opportunity of Protestant work for Protestants in that great nation: "The center of the field where Harry Preston Midkiff is working is Lages, Santa Catherina. Many years ago thousands of people coming from Germany were located in that region. They brought with them their pastors. Their pastors are now preaching in German. The second and third generations of the people of German ancestry don't understand any more. There are tens of thousands of Protestant people, but, practically they have no churches because, speaking only Portuguese, they don't understand the services conducted in the churches. Midkiff is now preaching to thirty-five congregations.

And concerning missionary needs among the native Brazilian population, he reports:

"Re the field where A. C. Salley is working—Jatahy, Goyaz. The population is over 50,000, increasing rapidly. He travels, every year, more than 1,200 miles by pack train. The nearest town is forty-eight miles distant from his home. Generally, he spends six months and more traveling, sleeping in tents and houses of friends. He has been in touch with more than 1,000 adults and more than 100 children."

Impartial statistics reveal the work and the needs of missionary forces in the nearer Spanish-American lands—Mexico, Cuba and Nicaragua and the United States possessions, Puerto Rico, as cited by the American Baptist Home Mission Society:

Mexico—Churches, 31; ordained pastors, 20; unordained, 2.

Cuba—Churches, 56; outstations, 73; missionaries, 36; teachers, in mission schools, 34; Sunday schools, 153.

Nicaragua—Churches, 8; outstations, 27; English Missionaries, 2; Spanish-speaking, 8; Sunday schools, 22; mission day-schools,

Puerto Rico—Churches, 57 outstations (regular work) 103; English speaking missionaries (including teachers) 3; Spanish speaking, 27; Sunday schools, 120; students in high-school, 59; teachers, 5; daily vacation church schools, 4; enrollment, 428; average attendance, 335.

The French-speaking Republic of Haiti is included in the Baptist missionary activities.

One of the severest drawbacks to the spread of this nation's "sphere of friendship" in the southern lands has been the lack of preliminary understanding of the mental outlook and psychology of the Spanish-American or Brazilian peoples upon the part of our countrymen going to those countries to locate permanently and assume responsible job, or independently to engage in business or professions for themselves. A long and difficult period of readjustment, has had to be passed through before a common ground could be established upon which the newcomers in that part of the world could start to function in their industrial, commercial or professional capacities.

Student migration would meet just that need and condition. For, except in unusual cases, the young people journeying south would enter upon a prescribed period of sojourn and study and would return to this country to resume and complete their education. A certain proportion of them, by associations, friendships, and attachments formed in the new lands, would find their way southward again in more mature years—and five or ten years mean very definite maturity from the school and college ages. They would be equipped to enter upon all manner of occupations here by the schooling gained both in the foreign centers and at home. Then when the time came that they sought to return to the South-American field they would find themselves in the undoubted enjoyment of advantages over novices unacquainted with the colloquial languages, the customs, the background of the peoples with whom they were to be associated perhaps for years to come—among whom, indeed, some were to seek their partners in marriage, their homes and family life of the future.

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CURRENT BOOKS

By Albert Linn Lawson

A MONUMENTAL work is *The Mission and Message of Jesus* (E. P. Dutton, $5.00) by three of Great Britain's foremost Biblical scholars—Dr. H. D. A. Major, Dr. T. W. Manson and Dr. C. J. Wright. The publishers state, in their announcement that "the purpose of these three great scholars has been to give us a liberal interpretation of the Gospels, so that not only the teacher of religion, but also the individual at large, will have at their disposal a book from which they may garner the results of recent scholarship."

I shall have to leave to more competent hands than mine the full review of this great book—we hope to give you that review later. At present, making no claim of being a Biblical scholar, I can yet appreciate the research, the careful weighing of opinions and arguments, the dispassionate final judgments, which compose this great book. The whole of Biblical criticism and discovery has been covered. The authors set forth, as fairly and impartially as the human mind is capable of doing, all the varying, conflicting points of view about the life and mission of Our Lord. All the destructive onslaughts of the higher criticism are given due space: then the results of research conducted by the most competent modern scholars; and finally their own conclusions. With some of those conclusions many of you will not agree; but all will hail with approval the final result—that, despite criticism, despite all attempts to tear down the sacred ideals of Jesus, these great scholars still accept and believe in Him. And, having reached that considered conclusion, what after all, does anything else matter?

David Seabury is a well-known psychiatrist. I mean a genuine scientist, not one of the quasi-charlatans, who have been flooding the publishers' presses with books on how to make yourself what you want to be but know you aren't and never will be. In his *Help Yourself to Happiness* (Whittlesey House, $2.50) the author shows that most of our fears and failures are due to inner neuroses, and that it is quite within the power of any ordinary person to cure those neuroses—maybe I'm not using the right scientific jargon, but I think you will get what I mean. The book goes into specific details, outlines many of the commonest nerve—and mental—troubles, and just as specifically shows what to do. The book should be of great benefit and encouragement to that very large number of people who imagine they have ailments and troubles which do not actually exist except in their own minds.

Christ in His Suffering, by Dr. K. Schilder (W. B. Erdmans Co., $3.00) is the English translation of a book which has had a large sale in the Netherlands since its first publication, in 1929. Dr. Schilder is a distinguished theologian in his native country, and holds the chair of ethics and dogmatics in the University of Erlangen. The several chapters of *Christ in His Suffering* are "brilliant and penetrating essays written in exposition of each of the several features of the Lord's sufferings during His last weeks on earth. . . . Profoundly thought-provoking and stimulating as these essays are, they constitute beyond any doubt the most significant publication in its field for many years." The publishers state that in the Netherlands no Minister will preach on the Lord's Passion unless he has consulted and read Schilder.

The Temple in the Heart, by James Reid, (Cokesbury Press, $2.00) takes for its theme, "the true place of worship is not a geographic locality. It is in the temple within the heart that we must find God." The book consists of sixty-three spirit-enriching meditations, running about one thousand to twelve hundred words in length, all based on Scripture texts, and embellished with fine and timely expositions. The result is a heartening and inspiring book, and Dr. Reid's scholarship and beautiful literary style make it a delight.

Any book by E. Stanley Jones is assured of wide reading, because he is one of the most inspiring religious writers in the world. His *Christ of Every Road* (Abingdon Press, $1.00,) is no exception. The theme of this book is the coming world-wide spiritual awakening—an awakening long over-due, and not only necessary to bring material prosperity back to the world, but far more vitally necessary to save Christian civilization from utter extinction. And since God has no intention of permitting Christian civilization to perish, the spiritual awakening is certain to come. Dr. Jones believes, with many other leaders, that it has already begun; and a reading of this deeply moving book by the thousands who will undoubtedly read it will hasten that revival.

Just received is *My Father*, by Paul D. Moody (an Atlantic Monthly Press Publication, by Little Brown & Co., $1.75.) This is an intimate portrait of Dwight L. Moody by his son—a "series of informal snapshots taken through the lens of a boy's eye." Space prevents a complete review, but this little volume portrays the home life and family life of Moody as no one else could do it, and is a valuable and readable contribution to Moody literature.

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(Continued from page 20)

help through the long nights of pain. It fills a deaf woman's "silent world" with the comforting words of Christ. One good mother, as her children marry and leave her for homes of their own, gives each a framed copy inscribed with the one word "Mizpah!"

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As I look at the beautiful face of Christ, drawn by a child of the King, I am glad those kind eyes keep watch over many a small white bed where little children kneel to pray, "For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory, For Ever and Ever. Amen."

Some of the most touching letters came from shut-ins, busily engaged in some sort of Christian service for others, and receiving a soul-satisfying bonus in return. Others came from lonely farms, bearing the simple story of great things done for the Master, but all told as if they were so ordinary, so commonplace. As, for instance, this dear woman's letter, full of the raising of orphans—and missionary wheat!

"We had four growing boys of our own, but my husband said he guessed we could find room for such a thin mite of an orphan. He is a fine, husky lad now, finishing high school, and a leader in everything worth while."

★

GOOD FRIDAY

How could they kill a man so kind,
Who gave the light back to their blind,
Who healed their sick, and raised their dead,
And brought the hungry lasting bread?

Margarett Bradt Southmayd

★

She goes on to tell how there was no church when they first came to their farm, so they decided to hold Sunday School in their barn. The neighboring farmers and their wives started to come with their children, and soon they were reading the lessons and a sermon, as well as singing hymns. "We really had a full church service in our barn. Some don't like to tell it, since we built our fine new church, but David says Christ could make a barn holy, same as He did a stable."

David is the orphan lad, their beloved adopted son. His heart is set on being a missionary. That means special training, college. So they have set aside a little corner field and whatever its crop brings is put in the bank for that college fund.

"David harvested the crop this year. He calls it the Mission Field. I wish you could have seen him sitting on top of the load, singing 'Bringing in the Sheaves.' In a way, David is my bonus. You see, when I was his age, my heart was set on going to the foreign mission field. But after my mother died I had to quit school and take care of my little brothers and sisters. I gave up dreaming then. It is a grand bonus, Miss Plumb, to have this poor waif we took in when we could ill afford it, *take up my dream.* And to know that even an unimportant stay-at-home

(Turn to next page)

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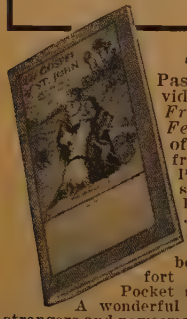

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(Continued from page 53)

like me can do her share to make His Kingdom come."

Here is a letter from a Boston printer. He encloses an envelope filled with a set of attractive bookmarks, each carrying a well-known hymn with the story of its writing. All, beloved favorites: "Lead, Kindly Light," "Abide With Me," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." His letter explains them:

"I know something of your bonus, only mine is a printer's. I have set up, cut stock, and stood up to press and run off my bookmarks for several years. I have given out more than sixty-four thousand separate pieces, my only object being to do something for my Lord and Master, who has done wonders for me throughout my seventy-eight years . . . I cannot preach or sing or play an instrument, but I can print, and I love to!"

People appreciate his little hymn and prayer cards. They tell him by personal word and letter how the printed message has helped them, carried them over a hard place, lifted a burden, prompted them to "take it to the Lord in prayer."

I wanted to find out more about this printer who signed his letter, "In His Glad Service." So I wrote and begged him to tell me something about himself. Nothing much to tell, he replied. For forty-eight years he had worked in a Boston printing plant, thirty years as foreman. Then, because of sudden illness and a tired heart, he had retired. "But," he hastened to report, "I usually get over there about once in two weeks . . . and run off my book marks if the press is empty. They are all kind to me in the old shop."

His little cards have gone to many foreign lands, the British Isles, India, China, Australia. They go dashing all over this country on trains; for the printer sees that the cards bearing the hymn "Will the Lights be White?" written by an engineer, are placed in the hands of many a railway man and engineer.

"One Boston and Maine conductor," he writes, "told me he had kept it where he could see it for more than a year . . . Then, too, I always leave a hymn card on electric bus or train when traveling. Whoever reads them must think of God. That is my reward."

Some not only think, but sing of Him. For a salesman tells how he tacks the little bookmarks on a bulletin board in his room, and sings one of the hymns each morning "to start the day right." He asked for a set to send to his sister in theological school. That's another way they travel. The receiver seems instantly to turn distributor. Even *I* sent my set to England!

Often they fall into hands that never hold a hymnbook any more. Perhaps the message that speeds its way through hopeless eyes to desolate heart is the warm handclasp of:

"I want you to know you are never forgotten,
That my thoughts and my prayers are folding you round."

Or perhaps it is that pleading hymn,

"O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go."

I look at the little bookmark card stuck in my mirror; then at the clock. At this moment, if all is well, he is back in the old shop running off his little cards. I worry over that tired heart. But, like a flash, the words come into my mind, "Whoever reads them must think of God. That is my reward."

Work on, printer. You belong to the King.

Here is a letter from a woman pastor in Nebraska. She is fully ordained, she says, so baptizes the babies, performs the marriage ceremonies, and buries the dead. She preaches two sermons each Sunday, supervises a Junior and an Epworth League, leads a midweek prayer service, keeps a five-room parsonage and entertains as the lady of every Methodist parsonage is expected to do. She conducts a vacation Bible school for the children each summer, and she still finds time to make a *Christian Herald* scrapbook, and to write me kind, appreciative letters.

"I surely liked your article on 'My Scribbler's Bonus'. I found inspiration in it for a sermon on 'Our Spiritual Bonus' . . . When I think of *Christian Herald*, it is to think of you. I appreciate so much the spiritual tone of your writings."

She tells me something of her life, her little girlhood. Her parents died when she was still a child, and a dear, childless couple opened their hospitable home to her, her sisters and brothers. "We called them aunt and uncle, and learned to love them. My own mother, had she lived, could not have done more for me than Aunt Minnie. They made a home for five more besides the seven of us. We had great times together."

I stop reading to visualize a rambling, roomy house in the country, and on the porch that wonderful couple, standing with arms outstretched to gather in twelve homeless orphans!

"One of the good things we found in their home," the letter continues, "was *Christian Herald*. It came once a week then. I recall how excited we were on the days of its coming. Evening chores were finished in half the usual time. Then everyone gathered about the table to hear another chapter of our story. . . . When a Sunday was too stormy to walk the mile to our little country church, we finished the morning prayers with a sermon from *Christian Herald*."

Our readers still do it. My files are full of recent letters telling how the printed sermons are used to fill a similar need. But this is the part of her letter I underlined in red ink:

"I firmly believe that *Christian Herald* had a telling influence on my making a decision to devote my life to Christian work. When I became the pastor of a church and therefore responsible for the spiritual growth of people, I turned to the *Herald* as a good source of inspiration. Once a month it brings me a wealth of good things which I pass on to these dear people. . . I always loan copies of the magazine. Sometimes they go from home to home, returning to me with much of the vagabond look. I open the door and welcome them home, knowing that virtue has gone out of them. . . ."

As I slipped the beautifully typed letter back into my files, I seemed to hear the Editor's voice saying, "The salt of the earth . . . I wonder if they ever realize the inspiration their letters are to us?"

(Continued from page 31)

Thus Penn and I spoke of him. And then I said that, though it was ten days hence, I just could not go to that Thanksgiving dinner and speak. And even as I said this, I knew that my brother-in-law never would have funked a job like this—and the consul was depending on me, so must go.

And so, after a week of storm and fog, Thanksgiving morning dawned in Devon all sunshine and pearl-tinted frost on green meadows, and I was glad we were going to Plymouth, whence Brewster sailed with his Pilgrims in 1620. Glad we were going to eat a Thanksgiving meal in commemoration of the gratitude Brewster first thus celebrated with his flock, three centuries before.

Penn was waiting for us in Paignton, and was all smiles, for the Latin examination had not been difficult. And off we went on the thirty mile run.

The dinner was timed for one o'clock, in a small Plymouth hotel. Three score and ten British and Yankees there were to eat turkey and cranberry sauce. Mr. Winslow presided. And this, too, was an interesting coincidence. Edward Winslow, who was one of the leaders in the Mayflower, was a brother of our consul's ancestor, Kenelm Winslow who joined the Plymouth colony in 1623.

We Americans living in this part of England are very proud of our consul, Rollin Winslow. We like to try to persuade our English friends who admire him also that he is the true American type, frank but urbane, cultivated but simple, humorous but keen and very much on the job. He and Mrs. Winslow make a great team, for she is just as fine an American type as he is. They ought to go far.

Well, the Consul read the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation. We ate. We toasted the President and the King. Then I hoisted myself to my two legs and did my best and the Lady Mayoress of Plymouth made a very pleasant reply. She is a Scot and has a lovely burr to all her R's and L's. There were all sorts of accents there—Devon, Cornwall, Yorkshire, Australia, New York, California, Michigan; all contributed their peculiar interpretations of our mother tongue. Then we sang The Star Spangled Banner very badly as usual, and God Save the King, also very badly. And afterward, we shook hands with one another and came away.

As Jones threaded his way through noisy, crowded Plymouth, I realized, with a chuckle that, while I did not know 1937 Plymouth at all, if you could put me down in the Plymouth of 1620, I could get about like a native. For when I wrote a novel about the Mayflower, I was obliged to reconstruct the ancient town.

We reached home about five o'clock in time for one of Mrs. Searle's good teas. We were very glad to be here. But the excursion had done us both good. It was as if we'd had a little run to the United States, had restated our love and loyalty and had in return, received a blessing.

Not yet, though, were we through with the month's cables, for now we received another. But this was not a sad one. My nephew, Bryant Chester, Paul's big brother and oldest child of my sister Cornelia and of Manley Chester, has long been betrothed to an English girl. The plan had been for him to come to England in December for their marriage, but it looked as if his father's sudden death might prevent this. However, it had been my brother-in-law's wish that they carry on and so, I am again to share in an international marriage! It is bound to be a happy one. Patricia is a fine young woman who knows America and loves it and my nephew who is a particularly ardent American is a very fortunate young man.

Thus my toast to Anglo-American friendship was more personal even than I knew! It is extremely interesting that one of William Brewster's breed should be taking over to the new world a wife whose family is registered in the Domesday Book. What's the use of saying the two countries can't be friends?

Cables are not very satisfactory as to details, for they are a very expensive necessity. All I know, so far, is that I am to be a hostess (a delighted one) to Bryant, who lands at the same old Plymouth, tomorrow. So closely does happiness tread on sorrow's heels!

In spite of the ferocity of the weather, there are still a few roses in my garden, as well as chrysanthemums and a few sprays of yellow gorse. The ferns are green in the hedges, undaunted by the thick tapestry of ivy that embraces them and that charming thick moss, which the natives call "Mind Your Own Business," is busy covering the rose-colored stones of my pool border. Life refuses to be downed. Thank God that this is so!

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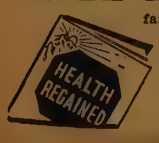

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☆

APRIL 3
Serving Other Races
MARK 7:24-37

THE teaching points most evident in the narrative of the healing in Tyre (7:24-30) are these:

1. The opposition to Jesus had reached the point in Galilee which it had attained some time before in Judea. There were ample warnings that the fate of John the Baptist might be the fate of Jesus. This in itself provided cause for the journey into "the borders of Phoenicia."

2. "His traveling toward these regions was the prophetic and symbolical representation of the future progress of Christianity from the Jews to the Gentiles." (Maclear, *Gospel of Mark.)*

3. It is not strange that the anguished mother should have heard of Jesus, "the one who drives out devils," but it is strange that her faith should be so strong as to send her to the Healer with a plea. Everything was against this woman. She was a *Greek* in language and religion, and therefore a Gentile; she was a *Syro-Phoenician* (to be distinguished from other Phoenicians in Africa, around Carthage); she was a *"woman of Canaan"* (Matt. 15:22). Each of these terms indicates the difficulty of her coming to Jesus. But she overcame every obstacle and made known her needs to the One who was able to meet them.

4. Jesus' reply, "Let the children first be filled; for it is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it unto the dogs," was not meant to be a rebuke or an insult. "Jesus means to say that His work, for the present, is for Jews and not for Gentiles; that in the brief space of His earthly ministry He must lay foundations among people already prepared, in order that later His salvation may be offered to all nations. . . . He seems to be saying, 'My ministry must be among the Jews, and you know that they regard you Gentiles as dogs, and themselves as the special favorites of God.'" (Erdman, *Gospel of Mark.)* There was a hidden truth in the Master's words and a direct implication that there would be salvation for the Gentiles even if the Jews were in a favored place for receiving it first. So, instead of being unkind, Jesus' words were words of hope, and meant to test the faith of the woman.

5. The term which Jesus used about the Gentiles was a gentler word than that commonly used by the Jews. "The heathen are compared not to the great wild dogs infesting Eastern towns, but to the small dogs attached to households." Using the diminutive "little dogs" is quite after the manner of the always considerate Master. (Should His followers be less gracious to those with whom they deal?)

6. The woman was alert to pick up the words which meant that her wish might be gratified, her plea granted. Objecting not to be classed with the dogs—that was common and frequently repeated—she claimed the food which the dogs received, the right to blessing as a Gentile after the Jews had been served.

7. Our Lord does not always perform His works in the same manner. The healing of this daughter in response to her mother's faith and perseverance is one of the few miracles performed *at a distance.* No case of physical or moral need is beyond the power of Christ.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Are there any persons today who have prior claims on the Gospel of Christ? Do some act as though they had such claims? Why?
2. Do you consider this woman too bold in pressing her claims for attention?
3. How is Jesus able to open closed ears and unspeaking lips in our day?

APRIL 10
Finding Ourselves in Service
MARK 8:27-38

TWO high points appear in these verses and from them the teaching will emerge.

1. *Everyman's estimate of Christ.* To Caesarea Philippi, in the extreme north of the Holy Land, goes the honor of being the place for Peter's momentous statement. The time of greatest popularity was past, and the hatred of Jesus' enemies was well known. Patiently He had tried to teach His followers, and to have them assimilate not only Himself and His teachings but the spirit which would enable them to advance the movement toward the Kingdom.

How easy it is today to find statements of the influence of Jesus on many areas of experience! And yet how valueless these statements are when compared with the personally spoken tribute, "To me Jesus is . . . . . ." In fact, this persistent question must continue to do its work until in every home, every class, every society, every church, and every other association the "Whom say ye that I am?" of Christ will reach the last individual.

2. *Peter's becoming modesty.* When we remember that Mark's Gospel was directly inspired by Peter, and compare its brief statements with the longer ones in Matthew and Luke, we cannot fail to note the modesty which abbreviated the confession to four words, "Thou art the Christ," and omitted altogether reference to "the promise of peculiar dignity in the Church the Lord was about to establish," accorded to the one who voiced this high testimony. On the other hand, there is

omission of the rebuke given to Peter hen he dared to resist the open declaration of the Master concerning His coming olent death.

Did Peter deserve so strong a rebuke? me persons have remarked that forarance and gentleness should have lled forth a much milder rebuke for ter's well-intentioned defense of his rd. In considering this question the llowing points should be kept in mind: Jesus had by this time sensed the seriisness of the opposition to His program, nd felt bound to prepare His disciples r the inevitable end. 2. With patience id perseverance the Master had sought advance His learners from fishermen founders of the Kingdom. Having just eard the lofty sentiments of the confeson, how strong must have been His disppointment at the quick descent to the uman point of view!

There is a price to service. That Jesus aced and was willing to endure His own truggle, cost what it would, is evident. erse 34 makes the same situation apply o all His followers, then and now and lways. "If any man wills to follow Jesus, e must be prepared, not simply to give p some things that are pleasant, but to enounce himself, even to the point, if eed be, of a shameful death."

The words about *saving* and *losing* one's ife (35) have both a future and a presnt meaning. Its future application is hat when any person lives his life unworthily, whatever be his immediate gain, e shall find himself to be excluded from he Kingdom of God, and this shall be eternal death. In contrast, when any person puts his life loyally to service for Christ, he shall find his reward in eternal ife.

The present application of these words has to do with one's attainments while one lives. The call is to deny oneself—to leave off self interests and rewards—and to find a new center in service for other people. It is not too much to say that "in living for others, supremely in living for Another, is life for self realized."

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What temptations commonly arise as Christians are urged to bear witness concerning Christ?
2. What would have been the moral value to His cause if Jesus had saved His life by continuing to live?
3. What are the goals to be sought in Christian service?

APRIL 17

The Victorious Servant

ACTS 2:22-36

(Easter)

THE setting of Peter's sermon on the Day of Pentecost should be in the mind of every student, and the spectacular elements of the event should play their full part. The vast crowd of hearers was representative of the whole Jewish race. Their speaker was a man bold beyond his custom, with the very evident breathing in of the Holy Spirit whose presence had been so surely felt in recent hours. Subdued by what they had seen but could not understand, the thousands were willing to give ear to an able spokes-

(Turn to next page)

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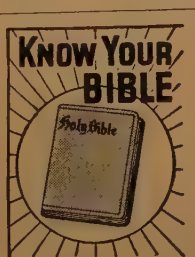

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(Continued from page 57)

man who seemed to be near to the heart of the occurrence.

Drunk with the Spirit. Peter's opening sentences refuted the charge that the spirit-filled disciples were drunk with wine. Rather, he said, they were fulfilling the prophecy of Joel by having poured on them the Holy Spirit. With this point made Peter began to analyze and explain some happenings of preceding weeks.

Most of those present must have witnessed one or more of Jesus' miracles. Many might have been in the crowd which, a few short weeks ago, clamored for His death. The points which he wished to clear were these:

(a) *How could the Messiah come to death on a cross?* Peter's answer was simple: God knew all about it. It was in His plan, and indeed was disclosed in the Scriptures. The "suffering Servant," the "Lamb of God," "wounded for our transgressions," was not snatched from the hands of an unwilling and helpless Father, but delivered up "by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God."

(b) *Who bore the guilt of Jesus' death?* Peter's words were few but direct: "Ye did crucify and slay." Of course the Jews had help, and on Pilate and the Romans they could and did place blame, and Peter took account of this in his reference to "lawless men" (men outside of the law of Moses).

(c) *What happened when Jesus was buried in the tomb?* This is Peter's great point, the one toward which he had been coming. *God raised Him up,* said Peter. *God cut the cords of death* which held Him, and this is proof of His Messiahship. It was well known, he argues, that Messiah was to come from the descendants of David. God had promised this. This deliverance from death, of which David spoke, obviously did not apply to David himself, but as an accepted prophet he could and did foresee that one of his own seed, the Messiah, should meet the conditions.

(d) *How are Easter (the resurrection) and Pentecost (the gift of the Holy Spirit) related?* Even though Jesus was raised from the grave He did not remain in the flesh but was exalted to a heavenly position at His ascension. This gave Him the opportunity and power to dispense the Holy Spirit on all men, as a concluding evidence of His Messiahship. And that had now occurred on the Day of Pentecost.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Do you think Peter's argument would have convinced you had you been an accessory to Jesus' death and present in His Pentecost audience?
2. Where do you discover the greatest note of victory in the Easter experience?
3. Who has a right to claim Easter as a day of victory?

APRIL 24
Receiving Vision for Service
MARK 9:2-10

IT MUST be remembered that the life of Christ should be viewed as a whole—a single message—rather than as a series of disconnected stories and teachings. Even at the risk of monotonous repetition, the transfiguration must be described and taught in its setting, with the following points made plain:

1. The opposition to Jesus on the part of the uncompromising legalists had grown to such proportions that the continuance of His public ministry was bound to be of short duration. 2. Peter's great confession of the messiahship of Jesus Christ was the highest point reached up to that time (six months before His death). 3. Influenced by both of these points, Jesus had predicted His violent death at the hands of His enemies.

The word *transfigured* means to become changed in form or nature. In addition to Jesus in marvelous form, the disciples saw Moses and Elijah, heard them talk and recognized them. Peter wished to perpetuate this heavenly visit by providing mountain abodes for the visitors. At that all were obscured by a cloud, and a voice spoke from the cloud in testimony to Jesus, and then the disciples and Jesus were alone again. In this as in other instances the several Gospel accounts should be read and compared (Matt. 17:1-8; Luke 9:28-36).

Words Expanded Into Ideas

Peter, James, and John, called by Dr. Maclear *(The Gospel of Mark)* "the privileged Three. . . . . : St. Peter, who loved Him so much, St. John, whom He loved so much, and St. James, who should first attest that death could as little as life separate from His love."

A high mountain. As this glittering mountain terminates the view from whatever point in Palestine one looks northward—"a snow-capped cone which forms the one feature of the northern horizon"—so does the transfiguration, in which the divine Christ mingles appropriately with other heavenly beings, stand out as a chief source of inspiration in the Christian experience.

Elias and Moses, outstanding figures of the Old Testament. Moses was the lawgiver, the founder and embodiment of Judaism. Elijah was the acknowledged representative of the prophets. "Law and prophecy rendered homage to the Gospel." (Loisy.)

Three tabernacles. Did Peter, thinking only of Jesus' messiahship, and forgetting what He had said about His death, think that this was the beginning of the physical demonstration of Messiah's power, and that the way to retain it was to build shelters (booths) for the heavenly visitors?

This is my beloved Son; hear Him. Trench *(Studies in the Gospels)* says that the Psalms (2:7), the Prophets (Isa. 42:1), and the Law (Deut 18:15) unite to produce this proclamation.

They saw Jesus only. The cloud coming down shut off their vision, and rising removed the heavenly part of what they had seen. But to see Jesus only was in itself a blessing, as it always is.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why is the Transfiguration more difficult to understand than a miracle of healing?
2. What would have been the effect if all the disciples, and not three only, had been present?
3. What is the Transfiguration's most valuable lesson for Christians today?

(Continued from page 23)

ne Puritans" soundly. Then, perhaps to lieve the sting, he fell in with the sug- estion of one of their leaders, John ainolds, President of Corpus Christi ollege, Oxford, one of the great scholars nd linguists of the time, that the Bible hould be newly edited under the King's oyal patronage; contending that those ersions which were allowed in the reigns f Henry Eighth and Elizabeth were cor- upt and not answerable to the original. Thus it was that a conference called for ne purpose accomplished another.

The time was singularly propitious for new edition: the English language had ttained a degree of fixity that it had be- ore lacked; a man speaking it knew that e was using a language which was under- tood by all who heard him; at the same ime its phrasing had not yet become nackneyed. It is necessary only to com- are the Bibles of a relatively few years efore the one we are now considering, to ote the amazing change that had taken lace. The men who made this translation were more than scholars; they were ar- ists, using that word in the sense in which t is used when one speaks of an orchestra, nd they used their instrument—the Eng- ish language—with studied skill. Not nly was the right word sought—I will ot say found—having in mind the mean- ng of the original text, but great regard vas paid to cadence, the rhythm. . . .

Shortly after the adjournment of the Hampton Court Conference the King alled upon all the greatest scholars in England—with the exception of one man who was known to be quarrelsome—and nstructed them to proceed forthwith upon he new translation. For the better un- derstanding of their duties, each man was rovided with a set of rules which were ntended to guide him in his task. There were originally fifty-four men, but for some reason their number dwindled, and the names of only forty-seven have come down to us. The revisers were divided into six groups: two groups to work at Oxford, two at Cambridge, and two at Westminster. As soon as one group had finished a portion of its allotted task, a transcript of the work was sent to each of the other five groups for criticism. In this way the knowledge of all was placed at the disposal of each.

A preface of considerable length, if of admirable temper, set forth what the translators did or sought to do. They "never thought to make a new translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one, but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones, one principal good one." Nor did they "disdain to consult all previ- ous translators and commentators" in whatever language, nor hesitate "to bring back to the anvil that which they had hammered"; they "feared no reproach for slowness nor coveted praise for ex- pedition," and they pointed out that "nothing is begun and perfected at the same time" and that second thoughts are best. In this admirable spirit, after some- thing less than four years' work the Au- thorized Version was issued to the public.

"And now," to quote Old Fuller, "after long expectation, the greate desire came forth, the new translation of the Bible by a select and competent number of Divines, appointed for that purpose, not being too many, lest one should trouble another; and yet many, lest many things might haply escape them."

At first, as is usual when a very great book is given to the world nothing happened. No attempt was made to force the book upon an unwilling public; the public were, in fact, satisfied with the Bible of Calvin, the "Breeches" Bible. Not at once, then, but gradually the new version displaced all others, and, by reason of its simplicity and beauty, wound its way into the hearts and heads of the people who would have been quick to resent it, had it been "required" reading. Whereas previously one version had been read in church and another at home, now all parties and classes turned of their own accord to the same version and adopted it. No longer was the Bible looked upon as an arsenal from which the several parties could secure ammunition to hurl at one another; every word had been a battle- ground, but was so no longer. Thus it was that the King James Version quieted and tended to soothe the whole nation.

It might be well to pause for a moment and think what the Bible meant to a seventeenth-century reader. In the first place, it was regarded as a privilege to look therein, a privilege which had from time to time been denied the common peo- ple. In Henry Eighth's reign a statute permitted the reading of the Bible only by the nobility and gentry; any artificer, apprentice, journeyman, servant, or la- borer, or any woman not of noble or gentle birth who dared to read the Scrip- tures incurred liability of a month's im- prisonment for each offense. Could any means have been employed more likely to secure a world of readers? Then the Book was regarded from end to end as the Word of God. Every word was sacred: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." There it was as plain as print: could anything be clearer or more con- clusive? Only an evil man would chal- lenge it.

The line between priestcraft and state- craft, not yet sufficiently drawn, was, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, as imaginary as the equator, as indis- tinguishable as the line that separated the pirate from the privateer, for the great explorers were but little more. The one thing needful to weld together the empire —for England was an empire long before Disraeli made the announcement—was a common language, simple and direct enough to be understood by all, yet of range sufficient for the scholar. This "The Book," the Bible, the Authorized Version, supplied. No book has ever had, no book can ever have, the influence of the English Bible. It did for prose what the First Folio of Shakespere did for verse. It is an older, a nobler, and a greater book. Poetry is for our exalted moods; prose does the work of the world. The Bible gave character not only to our tongue but to the people who used it. No man ever hears of a French or a Spanish or an Italian Bible; a Luther Bible, indeed, there is, but it is the Bible of a sect, repudiated by a large part of the German nation, and outside of that nation its existence is practically unknown. The English Bible is the Bible of the world.

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(Continued from page 39)

cause it was around the corner of Olivet all view of Jerusalem, the city of cares and conspiracies, was shut out of sight. Bethany represented escape and rest and friendship.

Around the corner from our scenes of daily labor and perplexity there should always be a Bethany.

As the Master sought surcease from labor in the beloved home of Bethany, so may we, O Lord, have a haven for our hearts. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14

IN THE GARDEN

A PLACE WHICH WAS NAMED GETHSEMANE.
READ MARK 14:32-36.

I GAZE again and again upon the near slope of Olivet. I ponder the three gardens that have been set aside, by Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox and Armenians, as the scene of the agony of Christ. No man may ever know of a certainty the exact spot; but neither may any sensitive spirit fail to be moved by the realization that on this hillside, within the range of his vision, was once enacted that awful tragedy when the Son of Man wrestled in an agony of prayer, even unto tears and blood.

There emerged the Great Decision, the lesson all struggling souls must learn, "Not my will, but Thine." We call Gethsemane the Garden of Suffering; it was far more: it was the Garden of Resignation. When human wills blend with the Divine will, then follows peace.

Reverently, teachably, alone we would enter today into the secret of service and saviourhood, the Garden of Gethsemane. Meet with us there, our Father.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15

LINKS OF LOVE

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.
READ JOHN 3:16-17.

ONE of the recent successful novels opens with a dramatic first chapter, the characters of which do not reappear until near the end of the book. One must read the whole story to get the connection. So, at first reading, one misses the relationship between the aged John's beautiful dissertation on love and his allusion to Christ's propitiation for our sins on the cross.

Really, the two are as effect and cause. All the love that we may display for the world and its need, rises from that supreme act of love, when the Son of God hung on the accursed tree for the sins of man. No economic or political scheme may save society; only a Saviour, willing to go to the limit of the cross, can do so. Only incarnate Love can redeem the world.

In sorrow and self-condemnation we look upon Calvary, where Thy dear Son, O Father, offered up His life for our salvation. Help us to walk love's way, which begins at the cross. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16

THE SILENT SATURDAY

O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?
READ I COR. 15:51-57.

BETWEEN the Crucifixion and the Resurrection lay the silent Saturday, sacred to sorrow. The Sepulchre was sealed. It was all over; the Galilean dream was dissipated. The work of Jesus was finished. Hopes and fears alike were extinguished. Nobody expected a Resurrection dawn.

To many of us there comes this Saturday experience of despair: we do not understand that before there can be a rising again there must be a death and an entombment. Ah, for a faith to carry us over the sepulchre Saturdays!

May we not be defeated, O God, by the grave; but may we know that all seals will be broken and stones rolled away for a Resurrection morning. Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 17

IN THE EASTER CITY

HE IS NOT HERE: FOR HE IS RISEN.
READ MATT. 28:5-8.

WHEN Easter comes these narrow Jerusalem streets will be crowded with pilgrims from many climes, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is just around the corner, will be jammed. The Garden Tomb, outside the wall, by the Damascus Gate, will be visited by devout Protestants.

Easter, however, is greater than any spot. It is providential that we do not know of a certainty the site of Christ's tomb. There should be no limitations of place-worship upon the universal truth of the Resurrection. "He is not here: He is risen."

All over the earth today, glad and triumphant celebration of the Resurrection is being held. The radiance of the open sepulchre is shining from faces of all colors and races and conditions. "He is risen!" We, too, shall arise.

May the victory and joy of Easter be in all our hearts this day, O God; we pray in the name of the Risen Christ.

MONDAY, APRIL 18

DECORATIONS

BIDDEN TO A WEDDING.
READ LUKE 14:7-11.

IT WAS our good fortune to be guests of the King of Egypt at a wedding reception which he tendered in Abdin Palace to diplomats and notables. The crowd was ablaze with gorgeous uniforms and decorations and jewels and costly gowns. A more brilliant occasion I have never attended.

The decorations on the breasts of the men especially interested me. Some wore dozens. One young man, evidently a prince, wore two rows of jeweled decorations, perhaps two dozen in all; yet he had not lived long enough to earn them. Indeed, most of these gauds stood merely for position and influence; few represented deeds.

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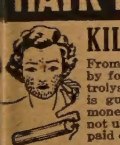

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As I beheld that much-ornamented company thronging ravenously to the refreshment tables, I found myself quoting in my mind a certain Scripture concerning the ornaments of a meek and lowly spirit.

Deliver us ever, we beseech Thee, O Lord, from the vanities of outward appearance. May our lives ever be decorated with Christ-imparted virtues. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 19

ETHIOPIA'S FLAG FLIES

SAVE IN THE CROSS.
READ GAL. 6:14-18.

ONE of our neighbors in Jerusalem is the Abyssinian Convent; and I was moved to note that, above its topmost roof, it now flies the national flag—perhaps the only spot left on earth where the flag of poor Ethiopia may safely be flung to the breeze.

After all, religion is the final rampart of patriotism. The church is the ultimate hope of the nation. After all other defenses have fallen, the best of a country's life, and its prospect of deliverance, lies in its spiritual faith.

Politics and business seem slow to learn this lesson. Yet America's deliverance from present troubles lies with the Christian faith, which alone has an adequate code and program.

May we keep the cross flag flying in these days of difficulty, O God, with no surrender of our faith in Thee. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20

FROM THE MINARET

BY PRAYER LET YOUR REQUESTS BE MADE KNOWN.
READ PHILIPPIANS 4:4-7.

DOWN in the narrow street, below where I sit writing, I hear the varied calls of venders and donkey boys, and all the tumult of the vocal Orient. But above it all there suddenly arises from a neighboring minaret, the mueezzin's mellow call to prayer.

Somehow, the summons strikes me with new and personal significance. We need the peace of prayer to restore our poise. Five times a day my Moslem neighbor climbs his graceful minaret to remind men that it is time to pray. More searching yet comes the Book's word, "Pray without ceasing."

Grant us the good sense, and the spiritual discernment, O patient Father, to understand the place of prayer in our lives, even as it was in the life of the Master. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21

FRUITS OF OLIVET

WENT OUT AND ABODE IN THE MOUNT.
READ LUKE 21:34-38.

QUIETLY living, day by day, in sight of the Mount of Olives, I find it inciting diverse thoughts. At the moment, the

(Turn to next page)

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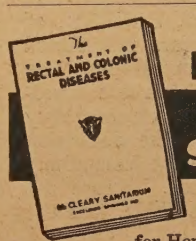

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(Continued from page 61)

great gray hill, with its few clusters of trees, is stirring my imagination to meditation upon the fruits it has borne throughout the ages.

Strangely, there arise before my memory two faces, made radiant by the Man of Sorrow, who once wept upon the hillside that is before my eyes as I write. One was a Presbyterian elder in York, Pa., redeemed from a life of wickedness; the other was a woman seen in a Seattle rescue mission. Both wore "the light that was never on land or sea". The very texture of their countenances had become irradiated with spirituality. They bore the signature of Jesus, for all men to read.

It would take a book to follow out fully this thought of the fruits of Olivet. Probably the reader is bearing them.

By all the anguish Thou didst suffer on Olivet, O Christ, we would be constrained to holiness. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22

HE KNEW HIS BIBLE

THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET.
READ PSA. 119:105-112.

REV. DR. JAMES H. TAYLOR, of Washington, has for years maintained a Bible class for his young people. One of them went to a college where a professor of philosophy spoke disparagingly of Christianity. But in the discussion that followed, the student completely confounded the professor, because the latter did not know his Bible, and the boy did.

Like every other alive person, I am constantly conning proposed remedies for the ills of our time; but I see no reason to alter my deep conviction that the best service to be rendered to our generation is to indoctrinate our youth with the teachings of Scripture.

Young people must bear the brunt of the day's temptations. So, by home instruction, by the Sunday School, and by special classes and private study, we should carry out the Psalmist's admonition, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word".

Quicken our zeal, O God, to make Thy word the man of our counsels. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23

ON OLIVET'S PEAK

HE WAS PARTED FROM THEM AND CARRIED UP INTO HEAVEN.
READ LUKE 24:50-53.

OUT of my window I have been looking at the highest point of the Mount of Olives, which seems higher because of the tall campanile of the Russian Church of the Ascension, which surmounts it. This is the traditional spot from which, after taking leave of His disciples, Jesus ascended to heaven.

What a mount of meanings is Olivet! Below the peak which was the last earth touched by the pierced feet of the Master lies the Garden of Gethsemane. The place of agony is near to the scene of triumph. Ascension Day is only forty days removed from Resurrection Day. The grave is not far from heaven.

How crowded and diverse were the experiences of the Master upon this hillside to the east of Jerusalem. Thither He retreated for prayer, for friendship, for teaching, for suffering and for triumph. Life, like Olivet, is full of meanings for all of us, with a Divine purpose binding them all into unity.

In our Gethsemanes we would remember the Ascension, O Lord; in our tears we would not forget Jerusalem.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24

OLD AND NEW

FOUNDED UPON A ROCK.
READ MATT. 7:24-29.

OLD Jerusalem is gray, the color of weathered limestone; new Jerusalem, to the north of the city wall, is red, with tiled roofs and modern buildings. The former is picturesque, and crowded with historical associations; the latter is as commonplace as money.

Out of Solomon's Quarries, beneath the city itself, came the limestone of which the old city is built. It has outlasted centuries.

Building material for life is suggested by any contemplation of this old city, built on the underlying rock. For Christ offers not only rock foundation but also the material wherewith to build.

We want to be rock Christians, dear Lord; not hay, straw and stubble and wood Christians. For we build for eternity. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 25

ONLY A PHOTOGRAPH

THAT IT MAY BE WELL WITH THEE.
READ EPH. 6:1-10.

WE CARRY on our travels a group photograph of the family, all thirteen of us gathered for a Thanksgiving. It means more to us than any of the fellow travelers we meet.

How wonderful are the ties of love that bind human hearts together. We may travel the world over, and meet the great and the lowly, but we find no compensation for the near presence of the dear ones in whose lives we live.

We pause to thank Thee, Father of us all, that Thou settest the solitary in families; and that in the love of Thyself and Thy Son, we know love. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26

THE WAY OF PEACE

NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION.
READ ISA. 2:6-9.

EGYPT has taught me anew one of the great truths of life. For thirty years I have been working there at intervals, and always there was unrest, and sometime open insurrection.

Now a treaty of independence h been signed. The Egyptian nation happy, and the British residents are ca free and reconciled. British busine prospers as usual and in her imperial d fense plans she has the cooperation Egypt.

Here, then, is a present-day, worki demonstration that the way of pea works, bringing rewards not possible armed might.

"Send peace in our time, O Lord Make the nations to know that the wo of good will and brotherhood is the on happy, successful way. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27

THE BIBLE IN THE LAND

MY WORD SHALL NOT PASS AWAY.
READ MATT. 24:34-41.

WHEN read in the land of its writin the Bible seems a new and living boo Even the dreary historical stretches o the Old Testament take on new life. read last evening of the conspiracie attending David's death, and on into th building of the temple, and the Queen o Sheba's visit; and the scenes of all th events are in plain sight out of my win dow. Imagination reconstructs them a living realities.

Over and over again we need to b reminded that the Bible is a place boo —the real history of real people and o real happenings in localities mostl identifiable today.

When I stood in the temple area yes terday I afresh realized the heaped-u history, of vital concern to mankind that had been enacted there. Smal wonder Jesus loved Jerusalem, even un to tears.

For the record of Thy doings writte in the land, we thank Thee, our Father and we pray that Thy purposes here ma not always be thwarted by human sin

THURSDAY, APRIL 28

AS TO WEATHER

THERE WAS A GREAT CALM.
READ LUKE 8:22-25.

WHILE we were voyaging through the Mediterranean, on smooth seas and in balmy air, the radio reported fierce gales raging over the Atlantic and bliz zards blanketing a large part of the United States and Canada.

The which is a parable. "Somewhere the sun is shining". Somewhere storms are wreaking damage. Our imaginations are given us that we may remember the happiness of others when we are unhappy; and the distress of others when we are at peace.

That is the true route to world solidarity and to world brotherhood. The wise old book profoundly enjoins us to "rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep."

Sharers of life we would be with all men, O Lord. Impart to us something of the largeness of heart of the world-loving Christ. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29

THEY ARE THINKING ABOUT IT

SIDES THAT WHICH COMETH UPON ME ILY, THE CARE OF ALL THE CHURCHES. READ II CORINTHIANS 11:28.

AS A newspaper man, my work keeps e in the problem zone of life. I must discussing world affairs with high and w. Never before have I known so any minds, of so varied natures, en- ossed in public matters. Everybody no thinks at all is thinking about social ends, economic problems, and inter- tional situations.

Conditions challenge Christians. They, o, should be devoting solid thought— ee, fearless, informed thought—to the sic remedy for existing untoward con- itions. They have the Master's word, hich is the master word. How to apply is sovereign cure to the maladies of ankind is the biggest problem of all.

May we be saved, O infinite Father, om shallow and timid and inoperative inking, in these baffling days. Teach to think Thy thoughts after Thee.

Tulip Planter

You, who planted tulips
In the time of fall,
Dreamed that they would hearken
To Spring's witching call,
And that they would waken
With a song of mirth,
As they brought a rainbow
From the fragrant earth.

You, who planted tulips
With no unbelief,
When the wind was dancing
Down a world of grief,
Now behold their beauty,
That thrills to your breath,
While your heart is singing
"Lo, there is no death!"

By
EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

☆

SATURDAY, APRIL 30

PHONING MECCA

IN THE REGIONS BEYOND YOU. READ II CORINTHIANS 10:16.

ONCE, in Jiddah, I telephoned to the Moslem's sacred city of Mecca, where it s death for a Christian to enter. I sent y voice where I may never go myself.

Even so we may send our thoughts and ur prayers where our bodies may never o. It is possible for an American stay- t-home Christian to participate in the rises in China and Palestine and Spain.

We may live beyond our physical owers. There are no limits to the out- each of the soul. By way of the theme f God there is a straight path to every- here.

Teach us, O Father of all, to live up o the limit of all our powers, spirit as ell as body. Amen.

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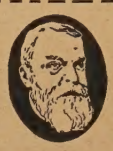

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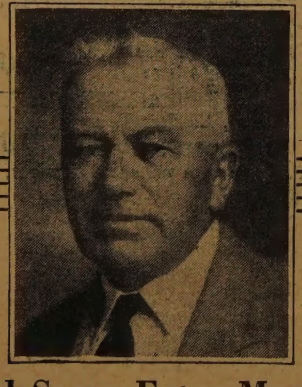

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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

Haitches

"What a large family you have, Mrs. Jones," said an American woman to an English lady.

"Yes'm, and the funniest thing is that all the names begin with a haitch. There's Orace, Erbert, Enry, Ugh, Ubert, Arold, Arriet, and Etty—all except the last one, and we had her named Halice."

—Kablegrams

Good Training

Chappell (visiting new dentist for first time)—Have you been a dentist very long, Doc?

The Dentist—No, I was a riveter till I got too nervous to work up high.

—Exchange

Smiles

Skjold—How did you like my speech before the club last night?

Bjones—Now you're fishing for a compliment.

Skjold—No, I never fish in shallow water.

—Pathfinder

Cause for Hurry

Jimmy—Jack was pinched for speeding yesterday.

Joe—Why?

Jimmy—His wife wanted to go home to her mother.

Joe—Well?

Jimmy—He was taking her there.

—Exchange

Belie Their Names

Many towns throughout the United States belied their name in the recent cold wave. Hell (Mich.) continued to be frozen up, and Paradise (Mo.) shivered in subzero weather. Hell's Kitchen (Ohio) reported 10 below zero. Heaters (W. Va.) experienced 12 below zero. Satan's Kingdom (Conn.) had 25 below zero. Coldwater (Kans.) enjoyed warm weather. Devil's Lake (N.D.) continued its satanic inconsistency with a report of 20 below zero. Cool (Iowa) was getting warmer, the temperature rising from 15 below zero to 10 below.

—Kablegrams

Slow Train

The train was a cross-country affair that stopped at all stations and frequently several times in between. Toward the end of a very long journey the conductor came round.

"Look here, sir," he said to one of the passengers as he examined his tickets, "that boy is too big to travel half-fare."

"Is he really?" replied the passenger quietly. "Well, he was small enough when we started."

—Exchange

Economy

A Scotchman awoke one morning to find that his wife had passed away some time during the night. He leaped from his bed and ran horror-stricken into the hall.

"Mary," he called downstairs to the general servant in the kitchen, "come to the foot of the stairs, quick."

"Yes, yes," she cried, "what is it? What is it?"

"Boil only one egg for breakfast this morning," he said.

—Kablegrams

Short Waves

The spinal column is a collection of bones running up and down your back to keep you from being legs clean up to your neck.

—Urchin

You Said It

He: "Did you ever run across a man who at the slightest touch would cause you to thrill and tremble all over?"

She: "Yes, the dentist."

—Orange Owl

She Should Worry

Here lies the body of Susan Jones,
Resting beneath these polished stones,
Her name was Brown instead of Jones,
But Brown won't rhyme with polished stones,
And she won't know if it's Brown or Jones.

—Log

Terrible!

"What is a Civil War veteran called, when he rides on a street car?"

"I'll bite, what's he called?"

"A passenger."

—Pup

Looks Like One

"I couldn't serve as a juror, Judge. One look at that fellow convinces me he is guilty."

"Sh-h-h! That's the district attorney."

—Bull

Located

Janey—Mother, I don't believe I can go to school today.

Mother (perplexed)—Why, dear?

Janey—'Cause I don't feel well.

Mother (sympathetically)—Where don't you feel well?

Janey—In school.

—Exchange

Narrow Escape

Friend—Did you really get the Goldrocks estate settled up?

Lawyer Scollop—Yes, finally. But I had quite a fight. The heirs almost got a part of it.

—Exchange